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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In Lord Kitchener the nation mourns a chieftain. It was shocked, as it has been shocked by nothing else during the war, by the terrible news that, with his staff, he had perished in the "Hampshire" last Tuesday. Lord Kitchener was the most illustrious figure on the British side of the war, military and civilian alike. There was a spell about his reputation and name that has not attached to any man in the British Isles since Parnell. He touched the imagination of the masses as well as of the select—the few who distinguish and reason and have studied character. Nobody else before the public eye to-day, so far as we know, makes the smallest appeal of the kind to the many as well as to the few, though there are popular favourites whose eloquent speeches are loudly cheered. Lord Kitchener was not often cheered, because, for one thing, he comparatively rarely appeared on cheerable occasions; and, for another thing, because he could not orate. He almost suffered—strictly from the eloquent orator's point of view—from what General Buller was said to suffer from for a time during the Boer War, aphasia.

We touch on Lord Kitchener's work during the last two years on another page to-day. Doubtless it was disfigured here and there by flaws and errors, and doubtless it was gigantic. People have often wondered and asked, "Why does not Lord Kitchener demand Conscription?" It may be of interest to say that although Lord Kitchener was never deeply interested personally in the question of compulsion or voluntarism, as was Lord Roberts, he was bitterly disappointed last year when he called for 300,000 more recruits and the response was chilling. He wanted—and it was only human that he should—to complete the thing off his own bat, and he had his hopes, until the 300,000 did not respond. Then distinctly he was "bitten" by the idea of compulsion.

However, on the whole, Lord Kitchener wished to

go through without compulsion: his very difficult and skilled political environment should be remembered in this connection. He was a reasonable man in his attitude towards administrators and politicians he was associated with—though, of course, in one instance (an Indian one) a famous duel may be recalled. Lord Kitchener indeed, about a year or so ago, suggested to certain writers favouring obligatory service that perhaps, on the whole, it would be discreet to go on with voluntary service, despite drawbacks. It was suggested to the writer of this note, for example. But Lord Kitchener was always temperate—far, indeed, from overbearing—in these differences of opinion. He seems always to have been utterly without the spirit of Zubernism in his attitude towards civilians.

It is impossible to belittle Lord Kitchener's achievement in raising these great armies by the magic of his name and reputation. But if ever the true story of this recruiting movement, from first to last, is written, it will be found, of course, that Lord Kitchener had helpers such as no raiser of voluntary forces has ever enjoyed. He had, for example, Lord Derby, whose work in the North was extraordinary, and this more than a year ago, when people would not hear of compulsion. Before this war is over—perhaps long before—the country is pretty sure to have to turn to Lord Derby again for help in some field or other of action. "Send for Derby" will presently be again the order of the day. Lord Kitchener also got good aid from several Labour leaders. He was liked by the organisers of the workmen.

Some weeks ago the persistent fighting around Verdun developed from a battle into a tremendous campaign, and on both sides it is a very unusual campaign, for its decisive factor is not a matter of mere territory, it is a feeling in which national pride and military honour are blended in equal quantities. Verdun itself is battered and worthless; no local position nor line of trench is of supreme strategic value to either side; but Germany and France know that neither of

them can yield without suffering a great loss of prestige and a great loss of civilian confidence, and neither is willing to reveal to the world a break of staying power. The gigantic fight for Vaux, one of the fiercest events in this campaign, proves that Germany is still eager to pay the high price that trench warfare at its worst exacts from a nibbling offensive and a long earthquake of exploding shells. Our Ally has announced that Vaux is in German hands, and it has been a great deal more than an observation post in the French lines. Germany has scored a point, but the French spirit remains undaunted. From Vaux to Verdun is a distance of five miles. No entrenched lines are invulnerable in these days of huge guns, but their attackers must persist in self-immolation as the Germans have found at Verdun. The French hold on to every yard of land until they have compelled the enemy to pay in blood an enormous price; and it is not easy to believe that the furious German assaults can do more than they have done. They have certainly struck very hard, and, in order to do so, they have aided our Russian Ally to set in movement a great offensive.

Austria has no liking for Verdun. She needs to-day many of the German divisions that the French have destroyed as military units. We do not suppose that the Russian offensive has met with success all along its 220 miles of front; nor do we believe that already the Austrian losses number 200,000. In a week's time big and useful blows have been struck in Volhynia, in Galicia, and in Bukovina; and the opening bombardment proved that Russia has wonderful supplies of shells and excellent guns. The main assaults struck the two wings: the southern one, near to the Rumanian frontier, and the northern one, near Lutsk. In the southern area, near Okna, the Austrians have retreated three miles, and in Volhynia they have withdrawn into the plain beyond Lutsk after a severe drubbing. By 6 June the armies of General Brusiloff had captured 900 officers and about 40,000 rank and file, with 77 guns and 134 machine-guns. In Armenia, on the other hand, the Russians have an unpleasant problem to solve, for the Turkish revival is becoming a threat to Erzerum. But, of course, the principal field to be watched is that in which the mighty smash beyond Lutsk will fall on the Austrian new lines on the Stry. As for the battle on the lower Strypa, in Galicia, it goes on well, for the Russians have carried strong enemy positions on the Trybukhowce-Jazlowiec front, and are drawing close to the line of the river.

Other very important military events are happening in the Ypres sector. They began ten days ago with the worst bombardment that our troops have yet experienced. It was upon the Canadian trenches that the main fighting fell, and nothing could have been finer than the Canadian bravery. Their counter-attack on 4 June recovered their lost trenches, but terrific artillery fire poured in upon them again, littering the trenches with dead, and making them untenable. But the German gain was not a big one. Here and there it penetrated to a depth of 350 yards along a mile of devastated front. On Tuesday, again, the Germans captured our front line trenches running through the ruins of Hooze village. But Sir Douglas Haig has his definite plans, and will strike when he thinks fit. Things are grave, but we must "stick it out".

Along the Italian front the situation is more favourable than it was last week. The Austrians have not reached the Venetian plain, and for some days there has been a partial lull, probably because of the bad news which has come to them from the Russian offensive. Once again Russia is playing a chivalric part, and the Italians rejoice in her prompt and thorough assistance. The Entente Allies hold together like a crack football team, aiding each other at the right moment, and remembering that excessive pace never wins the final goal. Italy stands firm along the Seven Communes plateau and to the west of Asiago, where

desperate Austrian attacks of massed infantry have been thrown into confusion.

As to the German failure to hatch plots and stir up revolutions in Egypt, India, Tunisia, and elsewhere, which we touched on lately, we are reminded that the German mischief-mongers did succeed in Turkey. That does not prove their skill, but unfortunately there is too much reason to believe it points to our weakness. We played the game in Turkey before the war without remarkable skill—to put it mildly. Our ecstatic atrocity-mongers were always urging us to mighty protests against Turks. Even so, it is a question whether Turkey would have moved against us if it had not been for that terrible business, the escape of the *Goeben*. Who knows, had the *Goeben* been sunk in the Mediterranean, as she should have been sunk, there might have been no disastrous landing at Gallipoli. It is indeed quite conceivable that the escape of the *Goeben* to Turkish waters cost us the best part of a quarter of a million men and many millions of money. Moreover—to return to the original subject—have the Germans done great things in the United States by means of their diplomatic plots and palaverings, their much vaunted system of spying and lying? We cannot perceive much sign of it. The material which the Allies have had from the United States for the purposes of the war scarcely argues the success of the Bernsteins and their kind.

The truth is, where the Germans have "scored" and done big things has been in the battering business. The German to-day believes in a "jolly good" mash of blood and bones; and in this breaking-up and hacking-through process, together with a great deal of low cunning—a formidable quality—lies his strength. It necessarily takes a long time to get a Power like this under; which is what so many of our people have not been able to grasp since the war started. We have to work up an overwhelming mass of men and material before we can batter out the batterer. "It will be all over in six months" is not the way to take the German; and for the best part of two years of war that is exactly the way in which so many people persisted in taking him. However, we are gradually getting together the overwhelming mass needed: it is noticeably growing now.

The greatest sea-fight of the war—and of all wars—on Wednesday in last week was not reported by the Admiralty till late on Friday, when a frank account of our losses in ships was supplied and no details concerning those of the enemy. Mr. Balfour explained on Wednesday last that this delay was due to Sir John Jellicoe, who, busy with problems of the utmost gravity, had no time to satisfy public curiosity. The Germans made an early announcement of the usual "glorious victory"; with them the tone of reserve came later; and the evasions (characteristic alike of the Teutonic ship and the Teutonic Fabrication Bureau) have within the last few days been cleared up in various quarters. Mr. Churchill, who seems to have been drawn into the lime-light in a hurry, was selected to supply on Monday last a refutation of the idea that our Navy had received a crushing blow and had little to claim on its side. Few sound Englishmen thought so; for once we were content to wait and see. We know our sailors; we know that no hardihood and sacrifice are too much to expect from them.

We have to wait for Sir John Jellicoe's detailed report fully to appreciate the tactics of the fight; but, though it is still obscure in some points, its main phases are clear. The German High Seas Fleet, on the morning of 31 May, ventured out of its protected area into the open sea, and proceeded northwards. It was duly reported in the open, and the Battle of Jutland was the result. Admiral Beatty, with his battle-cruisers, light cruisers, and subsidiary craft, was not going to lose the chance to intercept it, whatever the odds in favour of the enemy, and the first



shots were exchanged by the destroyers of both fleets at a long range on Wednesday afternoon, some distance from the Skagerack. Our battle-cruisers then closed in, resolved to hold the enemy, though the weather conditions were to our disadvantage, and the short range reduced our superior skill in aiming. Our cruisers and destroyers were shortly engaged in a sanguinary conflict against greater numbers, vessels with bigger guns and better armament, an obviously preponderant force, against which they fought with dogged skill and intrepidity.

The enemy, as Sir David Beatty intended, were drawn towards Sir John Jellicoe. It was essential thus to lure them into a general engagement if possible; but by the luck of conditions of low visibility and mist they were enabled to avoid any continuous action with our Grand Fleet when it came up, and to escape with all speed. This part of the engagement was a running fight—or, rather, flight on the German side. Finally there was some guerilla warfare during the night. The Germans made several attacks on our great battle-ships with no substantial effect. The super-Dreadnought "Marlborough" escaped by skilful manœuvres a host of submarines, and, in spite of being torpedoed, is now safe in harbour.

The German "victory", reduced to cold fact, consisted in not being able to dislodge our weaker forces, greater losses than ours, and speedy flight. Our sailors have never undervalued the German Navy, but it was clearly outclassed. The German losses, so far as they can be ascertained at present, include two battleships, two Dreadnought battle-cruisers, two of the latest light cruisers, two more vessels of a similar type, at least nine destroyers, and a submarine. A Zeppelin—only one is certainly reported in the engagement—was badly damaged, and such aircraft could hardly have been effective owing to the weather.

Our losses were three battle-cruisers, three cruisers, and eight destroyers; but neither the "Warspite", as the Germans affirm, nor any other of our great battle-ships, was sunk. We hold the North Sea; we have established our superiority against great odds. The loss of the "Invincible", "Indefatigable", and "Queen Mary", and their splendid crews, is grievous, but as glorious as that of the "Revenge" and Sir Richard Grenville. The "Queen Mary", in the words of an eye-witness, "took on the whole German Navy by herself". Another eye-witness said: "The 'Tiger' sank six destroyers. We are talking about what we saw. The 'Warrior' herself sank two cruisers and a destroyer. At 6 o'clock firing was at 1,000 yards, and every shot went home."

The story of the destroyer "Shark", among the first to come into action, is one of wonderful heroism and determination. It is told by one of the handful of survivors. The captain dashed ahead at full speed into two columns of German destroyers, with hostile craft all round him. The "Shark" was hit by two torpedoes within ten minutes, but before that she had managed to torpedo two German destroyers. She fought to her last gun, which her captain still continued to serve when his leg had been shot away.

We mourn the loss of many more gallant sailors, but with pride in their invincible heroism. Here is

"No weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble".

In "matchless valour and adventure high" our Fleet is worthy of Nelson. We did not need this overwhelming proof of it, but, now that it has been fairly published to the world, not all the careful mendacity of the Germans can suppress it.

Apart from their direct losses, their Fleet has been severely battered. During its period of seclusion and safety it was, theoretically, as good as ours. It was credited by alarmists with amazing improvements which would outclass us on the seas. These ideas can be now dismissed. It has not won a victory: it has justified its policy of skulking. For the rest, the Germans have been busy since justifying their mendacity. "For military reasons" the loss of the battle-cruiser "Lützow" and the cruiser "Rostock" was concealed till 8 June. This belated bit of candour shows what their accounts are worth.

The delusion of "It will all be over in six months or six weeks time" was spread, we believe, largely because so many people preferred scraps of "information" and of club and dinner-table gossip to thinking a little for themselves. Somebody knows, say, a Minister. His friends and the friends of his friends ascertain that he gives the war another six months; and the mystic date 3 December, or six months hence, is instantly whirled all over the land like thistledown before a breeze. "Information", whether it is derived from Ministers, or from the friends of those who know a Minister, whether it is in print, or whether oral, is deeply to be distrusted. The man in the street or on the omnibus, if he will resolutely shut his ears to "information" and do a little thinking instead, is likely to form quite as good a conclusion about the war as the man who hides under the table at a Cabinet Council and listens to the twenty-two ablest men in England talking. One often recalls with admiration the line: "So informing that he ne'er informed".

There has been more "peace" talk during the past week: it is made in Germany chiefly, and in the pro-German quarter of certain neutral countries. We are astonished to find mischievous twaddle about "peace" finding its way into respectable papers. Peace will come when the Germans have been thrashed soundly all round and well put down. We hope that our great and loyal Allies, France, Russia, and Italy, will pay not the smallest heed to such trash about peace and brotherhood, and so forth, as is occasionally printed and preached in this country by decadents and disloyalists. The British race is absolutely resolved to go clean through with the business.

Owing to the surrender of Greek territory to Bulgarian troops, the Allies have decided to try once more the warning discipline of a pacific patrol of Greek ports. The sea has not yet been closed against Greece, but this matter is being considered by the Allies, and in the meantime our Government "are taking certain precautions respecting export of coal, and with regard to Greek shipping in British ports, the object being to prevent supplies from reaching Greece". Some days ago Salonica was declared a war zone and put under martial law by the French and British Generals.

The Cambridge Union Society abandoned the debate arranged this week, and expressed its profound sorrow at the death of Lord Kitchener. We applaud the news that this is probably the last meeting for debate which will be held till the end of the war. The Presidents appointed, when all the best men are on war service, have little claim to distinction. That belongs to men like Lord Doune, of Trinity, and the Scottish Horse, who shot down a Fokker.

We are glad to see that Mr. Justice Horridge supported the judicial authorities of St. Helens in their censorship of the "Five Nights" film shown on the cinematograph. A much more strict control of these moving pictures is needed, particularly when their appeal is subtly deleterious.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## LORD KITCHENER: AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THOSE who would form a right estimate of Lord Kitchener, of his work for the nation, need not go to his friends or to his foes. They need not go for their information to Cabinet Ministers even—however authoritative such persons be. They need not go to what is known as "public opinion". One and all, these sources are sure often to befool the wavering or lazy natures that resort to them for inspiration. It is weak and wrong, in a matter of this kind, to hold the opinions of another, whether that another be a man in the street or a Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor. Those who wish to form a right estimate of Lord Kitchener's work for the nation since August 1914 will go not to what men tell them, but to what God gave them—namely, their own understanding. Man was given the power to reason in order that he might reach his own conclusions; and any man who—in a perfectly straightforward matter like this (in which technical knowledge and inner sources of inquiry are really not required) of Lord Kitchener's work for the nation—wanted to learn "the real truth about Lord Kitchener", and yet preferred to trust other people's opinions and information rather than his own judgment, would not be very grateful for the divine gift, or must be singularly distrustful of his share in it. It is simple and easy enough to reach a correct estimate of Lord Kitchener's services during the past twenty-two months of war. When he took up his duties at the beginning of the war the country was utterly unready to fight a great military Power on land. We had an Army which, within its limits, was ardent, finely shaped and seasoned, made verily of wrought steel, as the wonderful and invaluable fight it put up against army corps upon army corps of Germans from Mons to the battle of the Ypres salient was speedily to prove. But it was only a handful of soldiers. Great Britain, as was said in the SATURDAY REVIEW not long after the war started, was no more prepared in August 1914 for a war against Germany on land than she was prepared for a war against the infernal regions. On the contrary, Great Britain had long been preparing exclusively for peace on land. She cultivated German friendship, and not long before war was declared she actually cut down the standing Army by several regiments, diminutive as it was. We had a little Expeditionary Force which was more thought of as likely to cross the Irish than as likely to cross the English Channel. We had nothing more, from the land campaign point of view.

Lord Kitchener was suddenly called upon to invent an Army fit to grapple, as France must grapple, with the mightiest and the most completely organised military machine which has ever been or probably ever will be. He grasped the fact almost at once that his new Army might have to run into millions of men. He was given *carte blanche* in money matters, no question. Immense power was put in his hands. But in one matter he was not given *carte blanche*, or power at all: he was not empowered to call up the raw material for his vast enterprise by the stroke of a dictator's pen. Instead, he was expected to go out into the highways and byways and collect his material by appeal and entreaty. As a result, the raw material, both in the form of men and in the form of munitions, was very difficult and slow, and often terribly grudging in the collecting. In our opinion, on to the

shoulders of one man no war burden of equal, if comparable, magnitude has ever before been placed. It was an Atlas burden, and those who placed it there wanted generosity and wanted sagacity. Lord Kitchener was made to fight Germans, Strikes, Voluntaryism, and Votes all at the same time. Now, the first or the fourth of these alone would be a large enough task for most war organisers. Why do statesmen deny or, at least, overlook this elementary truth that Lord Kitchener was made to fight Strikes—or Labour—Voluntaryism, and Votes, as well as fight Germany? Why should they not, in their speeches and appreciations, do this simple justice to Lord Kitchener? It is perfectly obvious, and known to men of fair and independent mind.

To adopt a homely saying, Lord Kitchener at the start of the war was set to make bricks without straw, to make them on a vast scale. Lord Kitchener had to grow his own straw. He accomplished an astonishing work. He collected, gradually and with infinite patience, his armies. Certainly it was largely done throughout the earlier phases—indeed, until the threat of compulsion became real and near last autumn—by the glamour of his name. But that does not detract from the merit of accomplishment, for "the pains that go to the making of a name" must never be forgotten in this connection; and it took Lord Kitchener between forty and fifty years of unsparing labour in the public service to create, at home and abroad, that name, and that impression of reserved strength. We do not doubt that his achievement within the last two years will pass into history as the crown of his work for the Empire—greater than, though necessarily not so rounded off and perfect as, what he did in Egypt, South Africa, or India. His death, even as his armies, at last collected, begin to take their final form, is a calamity. It oppresses the nation, and people feel to-day, individually and collectively, that they have received a heavy blow. But there is this to be said by way of comfort: Lord Kitchener's work, the massive part of it, was done. He did not live to taste the national triumph for which he strove silently, stubbornly; but he lived long enough to ensure it. His splendid reputation has been secured.

Who shall follow Lord Kitchener and carry on his work to victory? We ought not to have, and we earnestly hope the country will not allow, anything like a compromise or arrangement founded on party claims. The country should insist on having the best and strongest man to fill Lord Kitchener's place.

There are two, possibly three, names that must occur to most people at once, and naturally, in this matter. The most stimulating is that of Lord Milner. He is at the zenith of his intellectual powers, which are second to those of no other man in public life to-day. Lord Milner cares no more for party claims and considerations than Lord Kitchener cared. He is one of our few great pro-consuls of Empire, and Imperial feeling counts substantially in this struggle. He stands for modern efficiency, for rigour in action, and he will not swerve, as we all know, from principles—for Lord Milner has a trained intellect as well as a will. It has been sometimes said that Lord Milner is over-stiff in principles, "too much of a theorist" for the freedom-loving Englishman; that the country better understands and appreciates men with plenty of give-and-take in their composition. There may be something in this line when we are lapped in comfortable peace, and engaging in the ordinary processes of Parliament and party. But it is blind folly to



desiderate "give-and-take" and the "good, easy man" way now at the height of a deadly contest. The Empire needs an unflinching, unbending figure, cool-headed, and of proven ability, to regulate the War Office. Lord Milner, we are convinced, is the right man.

### THE GREAT SEA FIGHT.

*"I mourn the loss of brave men, many of them personal friends of my own, who have fallen in their country's cause. Yet even more do I regret that the German High Seas Fleet, in spite of its heavy losses, was enabled by the misty weather to evade the full consequences of an encounter they have always professed to desire, but for which, when the opportunity arrived, they showed no inclination."*—The King's message to Sir John Jellicoe.

On the afternoon of 31 May, at 3.30, the rival Fleets sighted each other off the coast of Jutland, and their leading ships—English battle-cruisers, German battle-ships, and the lesser craft—began the greatest naval fight since Trafalgar. The enemy was favoured by a mist that veiled his superior number, while our battle-cruisers were distinctly visible as targets, and for a considerable time their running contest against more numerous and more powerful guns was one of strategic bravery, in which ships were risked and lost for the sake of luring the Germans towards Sir John Jellicoe. "We drew the enemy into the jaws of our Fleet", says Admiral Beatty in a letter to Sir Hedworth Meux. "I have no regrets", he adds, "except for the gallant lives and pals that have gone, and who died gloriously. It would have warmed your heart to have seen how gallant Hood brought his squadron into action. Would to God he had been more successful in the general result!" For as soon as the main body of the British Fleet appeared on the distant horizon, and sent home some long-range practice, the Germans broke off the fight and scurried away through the evening mist into their protected waters. Now and then our ships were able to get into momentary contact with their beaten opponents, who were running, through defeat, in order to avoid destruction, but no continuous action was possible. The pursuit went on until dark, when our destroyers took up the fighting and made a successful attack during the night on the rearmost vessels.

The losses are very severe on both sides, proving that scientific weapons of attack in naval warfare have gained empire over defensive construction. But Mr. Balfour has no doubt at all that the German losses are heavier than our own, absolutely heavier in ships lost, not merely heavier relatively to the total strength of the two fleets. So that Germany's naval power is relatively far inferior to what it was before the battle. A careful estimate of her loss includes two battle-ships, two Dreadnought battle-cruisers of the most powerful type, two of the latest light cruisers, a light cruiser of the "Rostock" type, the light cruiser "Frauenlob", at least nine destroyers, and a submarine. Perhaps we shall not know the full extent of the German defeat until after the war—if then. In a game of German bluff mendacity is habitual, and therefore persistent, but we know enough—and the rest of the world knows enough—to be amused by the hysterical braggadocio with which the Kaiser and his advisers have managed for a time to delude the German public. But their sailors cannot be gagged

by the ringing of joy-bells; a good deal of the truth is certain to be passed on by them to their families and to their friends, and then the German civilian attitude towards the blockade will become less patient, because more far-sighted, than it has been. Liars need something more than excellent memories; they need cunning enough never to excite suspicion by being too bold in their statements. Why do the Germans continue to sink ships which are safe in English harbours? And why do they tell the world that their Navy, while winning a great imaginary triumph, was only a little inconvenienced by the best gunnery on the seas? Their declared losses are so trivial that they have the fantasy of dreams, not the reasonableness of strategic falsehood. Either German ships are magical, or German naval statesmanship is very inexpert as a liar.

Until Admiral Jellicoe's despatches are published nothing more will be heard about the real German losses, nor will it be possible for anyone to see the German defeat in perspective. We believe that Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux speaks for naval officers when he describes the battle as "a victory for us—not so great as we expected and hoped for, but an undoubted victory". Those who have inherited the traditions of the British Navy wish to turn defeat into destruction. The King speaks in naval language when he says that "the retirement of the enemy immediately after the opening of the general engagement robbed us of the opportunity of gaining a decisive victory". A nation that lives on the sea, that owes her existence to naval traditions treasured and preserved from age to age, must keep always in mind the difference between victories that maim and victories that overwhelm. The German Navy has been seriously maimed, but it has not been destroyed. For many months, as Mr. Balfour says, it will be unfit to attempt any organised fleet effort, either in the North Sea or in the Baltic; and this means not only that our blockade can be intensified with much greater ease, but that German statesmen, during the most critical period of the war, must look upon the invasion of England as "one of the many unfulfilled dreams which this war has dissipated for ever". Further, while the German Navy remained a thing of mystery, it had a powerful influence over every plan and project that the Entente Allies carried from discussion into action. Its new gun-power was a secret, but its total strength was known to be formidable, and Mr. Balfour speaks of its competent officers and its efficient crews. Consider the value of this fleet to Germany had it been kept intact during the whole of this year. While it remained a sphinx fleet, mysterious and threatening, Russian uneasiness in the Baltic would have been a thwarting influence, and very great numbers of troops would have been kept in England to break up a possible invasion. Another point must be remembered. The effect of our losses on public opinion everywhere has been beneficial to our cause. Our Allies now understand the full meaning of sea-power; a sterner purpose has come to the British Empire; organised labour in this country should be henceforth as loyal to duty as was the "River Clyde" at Gallipoli.

Altogether, though our victory is indecisive from the standpoint of English naval traditionists, it is of very great importance—and may prove decisive—in its political aspects. "Not only have we carried off the honours of the day", says Mr. Balfour, "we have carried off the substantial fruits." This fact will grow plainer and plainer after the publication of Admiral

Jellicoe's despatch. In the meantime, instead of saying anything more about German losses and German lies, let us all give our minds and hearts to a national sorrow. Never before have we lost so many officers and men in a naval battle, and British sailors have never shown a nobler devotion or a finer chivalry. They were long-service men, perfectly trained, with qualities which only the sea and its dangers ripen fully in the brief season of our perishable days. They were of Nelson's company, and they have gone to him.

It is impossible for landmen to see in their minds what a naval fight has become. Battleships now are far more dangerous to their crews than was a timber warship to Nelson's men, for they are travelling fortresses of steel crowded with men, ballasted with shells, and so vulnerable that their life in battle could not be more uncertain than it is. Thus the "Queen Mary" is said to have been lost in half-a-dozen minutes. A salvo from the German guns, almost the first they fired, struck her, a thunderous explosion followed, and down she went into the deep about six minutes after the battle began. In Nelson's time a battleship would burn to the water-line, and point-blank firing never destroyed one in a few minutes. Consider, too, the concentrated hell that searches a steel battleship when shells explode, heating the metal till it flames. Here is a scorching isolation even worse than trench warfare during a bombardment; it is the climax of scientific slaughter. But our sailors encounter it as a matter of course and say, with Sir David Beatty: We are ready for the next time. May it come soon!

#### HEARTENING THE ENEMY.

TO-DAY in Germany the two most popular newspapers are probably not the "Berliner Tageblatt" nor the "Cologne Gazette", but the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle", for their articles of Saturday, 3 June, are too well calculated (a) to hearten the German people; (b) to persuade neutrals that Great Britain has been beaten at sea—beaten on her own element, and therefore not worth cultivating—and (c) to produce among the British public a feeling of dismal depression, or of what Major-General Sir Alfred Turner in his letter to the SATURDAY REVIEW last week described as "pestilential pessimism".

Let us exhibit from the columns of the chief organ of the Liberal and Radical Party, the "Daily News", and of the "Daily Chronicle" some extracts respecting the naval battle. It was the "Morning Post" which drew our attention to the "Daily News's" article. Here are the passages which will most delight the German people and their Press and Admiralty:

1. "Defeat [i.e., defeat of the British Fleet] in the Jutland engagement must be admitted."
2. "We cannot put our own losses at less than twice those of the enemy."
3. "The result of the action has been the greatest disaster sustained in that period [i.e., in the twenty-two months of war] by a British naval force."

So much for the "Daily News". Now for the "Daily Chronicle". We turned to it expectantly, after seeing the "Daily News", and our expectation was justified. It led off its first article on the action thus:

"While there is assuredly no cause for satisfaction on our part with regard to the naval engagement fought off the coast of Denmark, it is necessary to take a cool view of the facts."

Readers of the "Daily Chronicle", we should say, would be cool indeed after getting this cold douche.

The "Daily Chronicle" goes on to make an amazing attack on Mr. Balfour for his naval strategy, and

to insist that in future Sir John Jellicoe should be left "untrammelled"! Whilst the "Daily News" suggests the recall of Lord Fisher! We were driven to use a strong word lately in referring to those politicians and papers who tried to play the German game and kill the Military Service Bill. The word must be repeated. We must say that such cruel comments on the action of our triumphant Fleet are, at least in the classical sense of the term, "damnable". Those comments have been, of course, cabled throughout the world. Imagine the effects they must have on American and Japanese opinion. Imagine how they must exhilarate the German people, not only in Germany and Austria, but in South America, the United States, and elsewhere. Imagine the use which the German agents and intriguers who abound to-day in China will make of these extracts from two powerful British newspapers.

There was no excuse for daily newspapers to rush to such extravagancies of depression and misery as the two papers in question rushed to on Saturday last. Late on Friday night there were hints or information available which should have warned responsible writers to be exceedingly careful of assuming a German victory and a British defeat. The writer of this article, for example, hearing on Friday night of the engagement, went to a telephone office in a country village far from London and made enquiries by a trunk call, which showed him at once there might very well be two sides to the story. He would have thought twice before scribbling off an article calling Mr. Balfour over the coals for bad strategy, recalling Lord Fisher, and presenting the Germans with a victory. We do not want silly boasting, nor the slurring over of German successes on land or of German strength and craft; but still less do we want our papers to announce the defeat of Great Britain at sea when actually she has delivered the enemy a very hard blow, and the enemy has bolted for dear life. Since Saturday the two papers referred to have, we daresay, altered their tune, and to-day, instead of "Our Defeat", it is "Our Victory", no doubt! But that is small amends, we are bound to say, for the mischief they have caused abroad and at home by their dismal and uncalled-for jeremiads last Saturday, which must have elated our enemies as much as they dispirited our friends.

Of course, these papers will be ready with an excuse for "defeating" the British Fleet: they will explain that they erred because the original announcements of the Admiralty were gloomy and meagre. It is certainly true that the Admiralty made a sad mess of its announcements. First, it minimised the gallant action and success of the British Navy; then, apparently, it ran to Mr. Churchill for comfort; then—on Monday—it told us that the British Fleet had put down more German ships than it had itself lost. The whole performance struck us as weak and muddling. But the Admiralty did not say, at any rate, that we had been "defeated", or that we had sustained the greatest naval disaster of the war, or that "spectacular" strategy had been indulged in. Those things belong to the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle".

Let the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" take warning by this incident. They have almost ceaselessly raised their voices against the terrific offences of the "Northcliffe Press" and the "Morning Post" in heartening the enemy by criticising the home Government and especially certain Liberal leaders. Surely, then, it does not lie with the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" to hearten the enemy by bewailing a gallant and successful enterprise by the British Fleet as a "defeat" and a "disaster", and as an event for which there is "assuredly no cause for satisfaction". Neither does it lie with them to call, in a panic, for changes in the composition of the Board of Admiralty, nor to reproach the First Lord for engaging in "spectacular" strategy. If they want to reproach the "Northcliffe Press" and the "Morning Post", and wicked critical "Tories" and "Conscriptionists", they should keep themselves unspotted. We have all heard of the virtuous pot calling the sinful



kettle black. It strikes us that, when the "Daily News" and the "Daily Chronicle" reprove their opponents for heartening the enemy, it is a case not of the pot but of the whole hearth and chimney calling the kettle black.

#### CONSCRIPTS—AND CONSTABLES.

THE passing of the second Military Service Act should do much more than put into khaki an extra number of eligible young men—that is, if it is administered in the right way, and not muddled and fumbled over by people who have been wrong all through, who have mismanaged many things and are still to the fore. It should, for example, do much in the factories and in the markets, where its effects will in due time appear. It should do a great deal in getting our thoughts about the war to a sober and constant level. It should release for the public service a good deal of energy and anxiety hitherto applied to the barren business of wondering whether everyone was doing what he ought to do. Finally—and this is the point which strikes one most immediately of all—there is at last an end of all that unseemly dividing up of the manhood of England into classes and groups which was the worst result of the later months of a decayed voluntarism. The fit men of England are now, so far as the authorities can contrive it, soldiers all. They are no longer—or very shortly it will be so—married or single, attested or unattested, volunteers or conscripts. They are men in khaki, and the hateful distinctions, often most false, arbitrary, and degrading, between man and man which were growing up, and were bound to grow up under a system of recruiting which was neither voluntary nor compulsory, are going to vanish rapidly away in the coming weeks.

This does not mean that all the men who go to the great war are alike in their mettle or in the degree of their military devotion. But, roughly, when we have put out of reckoning the true volunteers—the born fighters and adventurers who went into the Army straightaway, without hesitation or second thoughts, early in the war—we may quite truly say that, taking the manhood of the country generally, it is impossible and unreasonable to make any harsh distinction between this and that batch of new recruits. Some men have had stronger ties and responsibilities to consider than others; some may have been less open than others to the accession of new ideas and duties. But they are all to-day of one discipline and spirit. To distinguish between the men who entered the Army in March 1915 from those who entered it in September 1915 or are now on the point of joining their groups would be absurd and very injurious to the spirit and fellowship of our fighting men. Certainly the men themselves need not be at all conscious of these distinctions. It only needs that the public and the authorities shall frankly close the old chapter of persuasion and heartburning—obliterate from mind and memory the white feather and advertisement methods—for the old rifts to close between the ranks of the new Army. It is essential that this should happen without loss of time. There is neither sense nor fairness in distinguishing at this stage of the war between "conscripts" and "volunteers". The two classes shade too gradually and finely into one another. The real volunteers were the men who enlisted early in the war. All the rest must be regarded as men willing to serve when the necessity and duty was made plain.

It is not, of course, an easy thing suddenly to change our whole attitude to this business of recruiting. It may be some little time before even the recruiting officers, who have had for nearly two years to work the machinery of a moral press-gang, realise that there is no longer a need for any of the old assumptions. The position of a recruiting officer in the old voluntary days was not an enviable one. His business was to get soldiers, and he had to get them—not necessarily the

fittest or most able to serve—without any help from the law. He naturally tended to get into a habit of regarding himself as representing the Army against a difficult and indifferent world. Every new man brought to the Colours was a victory won at the expense of the recalcitrants. The Service Acts have rescued him from this unhappy position. His interests are now quite undeniably the interests of us all. The Service Acts declare it as the fixed intention of the country to get every man placed by a general law where best he is fitted to serve his country. There is now no loophole for private indecision and individual weighing of usefulness here or there. Every fit man must submit his case to the authorities, and all but a contemptible minority are not only ready but eager to do so. The recruiting officer finds himself in this happier and more reasonable world, as one who can take his pick. He is no longer forced to catch anything that can be tempted into the net. The fishes are all there, and he can now throw back into the industrial or departmental sea those who in his fair opinion are likely to be more healthily active there than in the military aquarium.

The public is fast realising the change that this implies. There will soon be no more of that suspicious looking over of likely young men in the streets and tea-shops. It is now the State's business to see that the right men are in khaki, and the private observer must be content to assume that this business is being carefully looked to. There should now be no question of dividing up our young men into heroes and slackers, if the law is sanely and sternly administered. There can be no slackers under a fair and general law of national service; and if there are any amongst us to-day, that is only because the Service Acts were passed some eighteen months too late, and that it is now impossible to make them as fair and as general as they might have been at the start of the war. We shall have to pay the penalty of being late with our principle by sending many men into the Army who are less fit to be there than many of the men outside it. But this fact is no excuse for continuing the old suspicion and social pressure.

Certainly no one who has watched the new men—the "conscripts"—coming in can have the least doubt about their mettle. They are mostly men in the thirties who are making great sacrifices which hit them in their homes and families. But there is no sign in them of a grudging spirit. They are answering the direct, plain call of their country—a call which removes every doubt that they are indeed necessary. There is only one distinction between them and the later volunteers—a distinction which the unreasonable are at liberty to make as much use of as they please. It is a distinction between men who compulsorily volunteer and men who are voluntarily compelled.

Pure voluntarism has long since retired to live among the secondary Services. Among these are the special constables, who have tried to serve the public without pay or advantage of any sort in some quiet and useful ways. There is good recruiting work to be done here. The special constables have set free many of the regular police for army work abroad. Many of them are on duty seven nights a week at intervals of two weeks or three; and they do most sorts of work which the police themselves ordinarily do. Their labour is without glamour. It is even the butt of a mild jocosity. The special constable is often asked how many Germans he has run in; if he is good at repartee he retorts—should his teaser be a Home Service man—"Just as many Germans as you have shot". Mr. Churchill talks of "Khaki Figures"; we suppose we shall next have an ex-Home Secretary talking of "Blue Serge Figures", and, who knows, the special constable will be marched off to the front trenches of Whitechapel, or have to do sentry-go at Donington Hall! Seriously, it is dull work, often in vile weather, requiring physical endurance; and it is done by men who are mostly hard at work during the day, and sometimes during a portion of the night as well.

Here there is room for a "voluntary" effort. The

special constabulary in some districts is in need of recruits now the Military Service Act is taking a good many of its members; and it will not get them unless there are men to be found willing to make a sacrifice of their rest and comfort without any return or compensation by way of novelty, excitement, or prestige. The appeal of the constabulary is a simple appeal to the militarily exempted to show they appreciate that their immunity, whatever their position be, lays them under a debt to the community. It will be something of a disgrace to the men at home if the constabulary fails to get quickly and easily all the recruits it needs. There are plenty of men fit enough and not too hardly over-worked to volunteer for this service, which, at any rate, has saved the British taxpayer well over a million pounds since the war started.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 97) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

### I.

#### THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOLDIER.

**F**ATE has decreed that the figure-head of the Empire in this giant struggle, a great soldier, should die by the machinations of an enemy seaman. I can leave others to pen their eulogies and criticisms of Lord Kitchener as an administrator, a statesman, a ruler, or a diplomat. He shone in none of these capacities in the same beams of light as he did as a man and a soldier. His proud possession of a strong will entailed upon him as he reached the top of the ladder an unusual amount of responsibility. Such was his aim in life, for the courage of responsibility and his wish to bear it were typical of the man, and as a soldier his self-confidence was supreme. We can imagine what a thorn in the side of weaker-minded men, innocent of war sense, must have been such a personality when Kitchener was called to share with them the burdens of State in a task that demanded one single purpose. The sea will be the cause of much dissension in a many-headed Cabinet.

Lord Kitchener, the illustrious soldier that we so admire, was a man whose courage permitted him to become more clear-sighted as danger increased. A man who, when he received a Mahdi bullet in the cheek, coolly spat it out, in spite of the desperate wound, and when asked if he required dressing told the surgeon to mind his own business, is incapable of understanding how it is possible not to have courage. Lord Kitchener, the embodiment of courage, would have chosen death at the hands of a foe wherever he might be found. It was a courage such as Shakespeare attributes to Cæsar when he puts into his mouth the following words:—

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come."

We salute the soldier and the man in the watery grave that has closed over the body of England's greatest organiser for victory in England's greatest war.

### II.

#### WEST AND EAST.

When Admiral Sir John Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet swept the furrows of the North Sea on the morrow of the Battle of Jutland, the seamen of our country must have recalled to mind the days of "the glorious First of June" and of Lord Howe's signal victory. It was particularly unfortunate that in the method of conveying the first story of the great sea fight to the general public the Admiralty should word the announcement in the vein of a reverse. They could not better serve the German purpose than to afford a hostile war Press that thrives upon exaggerations an opportunity of buoying up the hopes of an early triumph both by sea and by land. The Admiralty intimation was, indeed, a sad and depressing document,

calculated to shake national confidence in our own first line of defence and to disturb the trust reposed by neutrals in our ability to achieve a smashing victory on our own element. For the All Highest War Lord it signifies another halo of glory, a more firm belief by his people in the faith of his divine right and of the creed that he is the chosen instrument of Providence to impose the German will upon the world. The Kaiser will not fail to proclaim again the words in the preamble of his Navy Bill of 1900, and justify the truth therein expressed that the future of Germany lies upon the sea and could only be reached by creating a Navy that would demand respect from the most powerful enemy afloat. The toll of battle has been heavy—victory has been purchased at a high cost, but the foe has suffered more. The opponents have taken good measure of each other. The new machinery for war, both above the surface and below, was brought into play for the first time in naval combat. We know our shortcomings and we know upon whom to place the blame for our deficiencies. That the Zeppelin and the submarine will modify existing battle dispositions, formations and battle tactics we may be certain. We would do well to let the expert, with his experience have his say as regards our wants and deficiencies, rather than listen to the balderdash of ex-ministers who have already cost us many losses and involved us in untold misfortunes. These are not the hours for the amateur to dictate the conduct of war by sea or land. The professional has come into his own. Had his advice in peace been followed by the politician, the burden of this long war would never have been known. We were surprised when the war began, we are surprised that it lasts so long, and we shall be surprised if the end be near. The difficulties of the politician are before him; the difficulty of making peace, and his troubles will not be lightened by obstructing the professional while he is labouring at his task.

The Battle of Jutland has tightened our hold upon the sea. It will reach farther afield. Its result will materially affect the joint Naval and Military strategy of the enemy in any design of combined operations meditated by him in the Baltic Provinces. We know that the loss in personnel by the Germans is greater than our own, and a number of "lame ducks" must be laid upon the stocks to occupy the yards and shipways bespoken for new construction purposes. Jellicoe, for many weeks, may, like Van Tromp of old, hoist a broom upon his maintop, for he has swept the North Sea by a signal victory. As Bacon remarks, "thus much is certain, that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will". Our seamen will have no idle time, however. They have unquestionably learnt much in the past week, and, as before remarked in these pages, "If we take the best of the German and add it to the best of our own, we shall beat the German". The Teuton, in his study of "the thorough", sets us an example both by land and by sea. He has rehearsed for many weeks for this sea venture. His overwater and underwater instruments of war have been exercised in combined tactics, much to his advantage; but when put to the supreme test some part of the machinery has failed him, and with that failure he has suffered a defeat of purpose which he will have much leisure to correct.

### III.

The giant struggle at Verdun still continues. With a hope that French resistance may lose heart by persistent efforts, and that the means of feeding their wastage may fail them, the German has looked to block if possible one sure reservoir, and thought fit to pin the British to their ground by a venture in strength upon the salient of Ypres. We should be under no delusion as to what this latter undertaking signifies. The British forces in the Western theatre have already played an indirect part in the great defence of the stronghold on the Meuse. Many miles of the lengthy trench line formerly held by our Allies have passed into the hands of our Army since the great attack was developed at Verdun. Many French Army Corps have been thereby



freed to swell the reserves at the disposal of the supreme Commander. It is to check this source for reinforcement that the hostile effort at the historic salient at Ypres has been launched. Ypres forms no point of strategic importance in the Allied scheme of defence. A position further in rear would, indeed, better fulfil the purport of resistance, but it is held by our arms more as a matter of sentiment than of military sense. What thousands of lives of both friend and foe have fallen victims to this feeling that sways the mind of the soldier! To the German, Ypres means much, for it signifies a step forward on his march to Calais. As Verdun bars a gate to Paris, so does Ypres act as a bloody toll-bar to the English Channel, and the hour of a crisis is approaching when at all costs German arms must be denied the smallest pretext for rejoicing. The attack at Ypres has not been heralded with the overpowering gun effort delivered on the Meuse. Indeed, it would be nothing short of a marvel if the arsenals of Germany could allow of the duplicating of such an effort, but the riposte from our artillery has been equal for the occasion, and the gunners of our New Army will welcome the trial that is before them.

Verdun sees a contest growing daily in renewed vigour. The battle has now shifted to the easternmost defences, to a point around Vaux, seemingly chosen in order to escape the punishing effects of the 75's on the west bank, which have been able, by oblique fire, to mow down the attackers at Haudromont and Douaumont. A crisis in the great battle cannot be far distant. In spite of appalling losses, the German finds means and men enough to throw into the contest, and, with the stimulant of victory by their comrades on the sea dinning into their ears by lying bulletins, there may be a certainty of getting superhuman efforts from the men in the assaulting columns. Indeed, Vaux has fallen.

Hostile operations west and east point to a desire of the Great General Staff in Berlin to finish off the offensive in the coming summer. The German-directed venture of his Balkan Ally on the banks of the Struma, in Greek territory, would appear to be all part of a general scheme to hold to their trenches as much as possible of the Entente Allied Army that is committed to operations. Bulgaria, like Austria, has apparently been directed to secure as many assets for peace as she can lay her hands on, be they at the expense of friend or foe. Necessity truly knows no laws under the German code of war, and the neutral Greek will suffer with his neighbour Balkan kingdoms.

The Austrian drive in the region of the Trentino would appear to be too slow to satisfy the directing mind at Berlin. The first dash, as in this war has so often happened, carried them far enough merely to give rise to hopes for success; but, as the present war has equally proved, every offensive has weakened itself by its own effort to such an extent that the power of resistance of the defender has caused a check, and the offensive operation has to be renewed and reorganised afresh at considerable intervals. Italy stands now in a defensive line of her own choosing, covering her cherished province of Venetia. She has taken a heavy toll of her enemy in his fight for the passes leading from the Trentino and in the hostile effort to drive a wedge over the frontier. With the flanks secure in the region of the Brenta and of the Adige, the further penetration of the Austrian mass would entail the employment of numbers which would heavily drain the resources of the Dual Monarchy. The hold on the plateau of Asiago and at essential points on the Brenta must, however, be assured ere all danger can be said to be past. The time is not far distant when Austria's call for defensive effort on her eastern frontier will be loud. In the race against time for reaching a decision in Italy, it seems not improbable that Austria will pay a heavy penalty in one theatre or the other.

As adumbrated in the last letter the hour is approaching when co-ordinate strategy by the Entente Powers will be put to the test. Our Ally in the Eastern theatre has already launched his forces in the southern sphere

of his long line of defence on the 400 miles that run from the Pripet Marshes to the frontier of Roumania. It is here in the old Galician theatre of war that a successful offensive will achieve a triple purpose. It will assist the Italians in the Trentino, it will draw off armies from the Balkan theatre, it cannot fail to impress hesitating neutrals. The moment is at hand when the staying power of the combatants of Continental Europe will be put to a supreme test, for we can see the prospect of many simultaneous battles of a gigantic nature fought west, south, and east. German "stiffening" at the various fronts that she employed a year ago to such great advantage to her Allies will be looked for in vain; for even if the requisite numbers were available, she will want all that she can lay her hands upon for her own particular service.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### KULTUR IN FACT AND FANCY.

#### I.

WE live in days of strange claims and passionate refutations, of issues obscured and inflamed by national prejudices. Nothing nowadays can astonish us, not the wildest belief or the silliest delusion. Among the strangest extensions of Providence is the idea that the Germans are singled out to take the lead of all "Kultur peoples", because they possess "the highest mental creative gifts". This claim, doubtless, has an element of sincerity behind it, though it is obviously convenient for the occasion; but it has an element of vagueness, too, which has puzzled its various commentators. What is "Kultur"? One man defines it as the sort of efficiency which depends on organisation; another, as pacificism secured by war; a third, as pacificism without war; a fourth, as material prosperity; and a fifth, rudely dispersing intellectual cobwebs, as the extermination of other nations because you are better than they—the elimination of the Philistine for the benefit of the Pharisee.

Going in all soberness to the largest German dictionary we know, which is compiled by German hands, we find "Kultur" defined as "culture", "feinere Durchbildung" (the refinements of thorough education), and "civilisation", and these are the senses which all the world knows and recognises. Other definitions may be convenient for war purposes; but we are considering ideals and achievements fostered long before the war, and we are stating conclusions forced on our attention before the war was thought of in this country, or realised, perhaps, by the German people as a whole.

What has Germany since the Franco-Prussian War achieved in the way of culture and civilisation? Has she headed other nations? Has she kept pace with them in the first-rate intellects which influence the world? Has she even equalled them in civilisation viewed in its widest aspects? We say no; and the recent expert opinion of the world says no. Last year an ingenious American published the results of an inquiry into civilisation derived from scholars all over the world. They did not put Germany first. England occupied that position—almost to our surprise, for we do not talk about this "great country". It is our habit to depreciate ourselves and pay excessive deference to foreign opinion.

What, to come to details, are the German claims worth? In no department of culture have they been more widely advertised than in classical scholarship. In none has German industry imposed such a dead weight of useless and mediocre matter on the world. Our own scholars and publishers have till recently been at fault in not supplying handy and decently edited texts of the classics. The complaint is old, for Peacock pointed out that in his day Oxford had produced no complete Plato. The result of this deficiency has been the silly acceptance of all that Germans have added to, or taken away from, these texts as worth consideration, indeed as demanding discussion. Young graduates compiled English school-books for a living,

and actually filled them with references to German monographs which are inaccessible to schoolboys, even if they could read them. Our Greek and Latin texts are still stuffed with idle conjectures, some of which will not even scan, while others represent the hasty intelligence we expect from an English sixth form schoolboy. The best editions of the classics in recent years are English, not German. Sophocles, seamed with the scars of wild Teutonic gashes, has been restored to his own art and serenity by Jebb, who remarks justly, concerning the rejection of 120 lines in the "Trachiniæ", that "a habit of mind such as might be fostered by the habitual composition of telegrams" should not be applied to the textual criticism of poetry. The heroic eccentricity of this sort of critic has nothing to do with the "highest mental creative gifts"; it is anarchic and destructive. Wilamowitz-Moellendorf has done nothing for Greek literature equal to the revival of Euripides by Verrall. In his recent work on Sappho and Simonides he has brilliant flashes, but he revels in unsupported obiter dicta and pedantic obscurity. With typical arrogance he speaks of the Teubner text of the Greek lyric poets as beneath criticism. Another Teubner editor calls all the Greek gods to admire the childish error Wilamowitz has added to Plutarch.

Schanz has discovered in Virgil things we knew twenty years ago, and Gossrau has done his best to bury the Aeneid under a commentary, in which he ignores Conington (typical arrogance again) and mentions the three spondee which Ribbeck has added as a new metrical elegance to the end of a Virgilian hexameter. Can a broken heart be termed a "fresh wound" if the lady has been suffering from it for more than a week? Can a widow's hair be "auburn tresses"? Though the text of the Twelfth Aeneid describes Amata as clasping Turnus and "absolute for death" ("moritura"), did not Virgil really write "monitura", since a mother-in-law is always ready to give advice? These suggestions, which we take from the inimitable essay of Myers, are sufficient to exhibit that strange insensibility, that lack of humour, which besets the German savant. To alter a poet because you do not understand him is not to show a creative gift. Professor Housman has shown what the Germans have made of Juvenal. It is easy to apply mechanical standards to language, and to judge evidence by the number of witnesses rather than their worth. It is possible to secure a reputation by raising a fabric of wild conjecture on insecure data (see the Germans on Homer *passim*). In neither of these processes does taste intervene; in neither are the results often good gifts. Both are frequent forms of German erudition, and mechanical collections of facts and details leading to nothing of any æsthetic interest have an immense vogue in the United States, which has adopted German ideals of scholarship. They are, indeed, a convenient substitute for original thought and the exercise of taste. We seem to remember an ingenious American putting together in a psychological laboratory, not words, but new combinations of vowels and consonants and testing their effect on his emotions. He was out of place; he should have joined the University of Laputa.

#### NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IF I may use the phrase without infringing Mr. Wilson's rights, the still, small voice has hardly any chance in such conditions as prevail in the New English Art Club, in Suffolk Street. By the still, small voice one means the quiet tones and fine shades of painting. When paintings became easel pictures instead of mural decorations or large altar-pieces, the first step was taken on the track that led eventually to Whistler, to Gerard Dow, and that horrid landscape practised by Heffner and his sort. Whatever was gained in subtlety was inevitably lost in carrying

power, so that to-day, in an exhibition such as that at Burlington House, it is almost miraculous to find a picture that "tells" across the rooms. Even when painting is on a pretentious scale—Mr. Brangwyn's "Poulterer's Shop", for instance, or the Royal Academician wall designs now in the House of Commons—most modern painters are simply impotent at long range. In the first place, they show no consciousness of the technical means by which carrying power is acquired (like amateurs acting at Drury Lane), and, in the second, they have not the special knowledge required to use those means, even if they were conscious of them.

At the New English Art Club, on the other hand, it is de rigueur to attempt to "carry", even though you die or become ridiculous in the undertaking. Most of the exhibitors have a pretty clear conception of the technical rules that must be obeyed if long range is the goal. A few, on the other hand, have the intimate knowledge needed to carry out the rules effectively. Mr. John is one; his "Girl by the Lake" is technically a masterpiece; he is so sure about what he has to say that he is almost contemptuously right. He had no bother, to speak of, over individual parts and details; the whole thing appears to have gone swimmingly—a progression of great sweeping lines vehemently made with a full brush, annoyingly right because his knowledge was scornfully sure. As regards technique (no mention has been made of mental quality), the great Florentine wall decorators thus swept in their designs. Such draughtsmanship is the envy and despair of humble folk whose every stroke is painfully brought off, for whom the varied mass of individual parts composing the whole bristle with problems and are thick with ambushes. Besides this picture the other, "Fresh Herrings", is a bore; no matter what the theory is behind it, it simply does not work. But "The Artilleryman", again, is a success, as far as it goes, revealing, in Mr. John's take-it-or-leave-it way, a great deal of character. When Mr. John can give rein to an almost brutal satire or indifference, he scores like this. A more respectful feeling seems to have been uppermost as he stood before "The Bone Setter" (32). Although this portrait is less sharp in character, it is a bigger effort, betokening a larger sympathy and more generous humanity. A little dull it may be, if we wanted a sensation, or hoped for profound intuition; but in characterisation it is grave and sympathetic, in technique commandingly solid.

Mr. Steer's "Fishing Fleet", although by no means the most revealing picture of this master, is, again, technically effortless. Questions of this colour or that, one handling or another, this device for effectiveness or the other, do not seem to have crossed his mind. A something beyond mere means was his quarry, and he gives one the impression that it had not occurred to him to be in doubt as to how he should pursue it. Equally spontaneous and unquestioning is his water-colour, "A Rock Garden" (144), a brilliantly simple statement. Just beneath it hangs another instance of apparent contempt for A B C in face of far greater matters. Beguiled into emotion by the transfiguring flame of sunset, Mr. MacColl touches a romantic note in his "Brasenose" (145); no considerations of school or creed or grammar delayed or formalised his passionate statement. Cool and detached in comparison are "Tewkesbury" and "Scarborough"; but how pleasant and distinguished are the colour of the one and the succinctness of the other.

All these carry as a matter of course; they make no special effort to annihilate their neighbours; their long range is incidental to their other qualities, among which, perhaps, the most important is the consciousness of subtleties. But this consciousness is itself so subtly breathed as never to become, as it were, a gross corporeal presence. In a completely different class are Mr. Orpen's "Nude Pattern" and "Self Portrait" (3); their devastating range is practically their raison



d'être. But by a whimsical revenge on Fortune's part they serve to prove that terrific carrying power is not inevitably the sole condition of successful decoration, for they are not really great successes. Mr. Holmes's "Pink Mill" is a tour de force of carrying effect, achieved not so much spontaneously or unconsciously as by a most thorough preparation. No picture in the exhibition shows such science, not only of colour relief, but also of spacing and shape. But, were this all, it would not be successful in a larger way; it would stop short at theory. As it happens, however, there is emotion in it, a joyous response to light—real, saturating and elusive light—that mounts and triumphs over the cunning science of the painter. There is no real light in his "Lyme Regis" (17), though no doubt it thoroughly exemplifies the artist's principles of construction. But, whereas he could probably account for everything in this picture by analysis, there is something that exceeds material devices in the "Mill" and "Bude Canal" (33). This is true also of Miss Bland's "Summer Flowers", which, demonstrating no theory or party catchword, beautifully and reverently express something radiant and flower-like. Faith, someone said, is greater than the churches; so the spirit of life and the subconscious emotions evoked by it transcend all creeds and theories.

But to return to the small voice question and the reaction from the easel picture standard, exhibited by New English tendencies. A week or two ago a Swedish critic was in London studying the British school. He spoke admiringly of what he had seen 'n the museums (the Tate Gallery with its Chantrey pictures being inaccessible). But I was conscious of a reservation in his attitude, almost as though, from tact or delicacy, he wished to avoid some painful or humiliating subject. It turned out that he had been to the Academy, and naturally formed his opinion there of contemporary British painting. I have only a vague idea of modern Swedish art, but from his perplexed disappointment over the Academy it seemed clear that we struck him as amazingly devoid of design, colour, and, in short, pictorial intention. How, I wonder, would the New English exhibition have affected him? It is safe to say that barely a picture at the Royal Academy could stand the pitch of the New English key; for colour that seems pretty bright in Burlington House would evaporate in Suffolk Street. As for pictorial intentions, here, again, there is in Suffolk Street a remarkably good level of definite and lucid interest in painter-like concerns. The works, for example, of Mr. Pissarro and Miss Harmer; though making no particular emotional appeal how intelligently and surely they engage their respective problems! The same quality of intellectual activity is shown in Mr. Rothenstein's "Ernest Debenham". Reference was made just now to the Academical wall paintings in the House of Commons. Mr. Cayley Robinson's "The Doctor" shows very well the properties they lack. Whereas they are easel pictures magnified, his fresco is a distinct species, conceived to meet the special demands made on wall decorations. It has, moreover, much serious and charming character; the children are most sensitive interpretations.

Assuming, then, that New English painting is in a fair way of getting back to the larger style of mural decorations, are we to suppose that very soon the artistic millennium will break upon us? Certainly not, unless equal strides are taken towards the realisation of the subtleties of life and towards the assimilation of the finest shades of tone, form, and colour. Once realised and assimilated, these things work their way out on to a painter's canvas. Mr. Steer's and Mr. John's are marked by them; but no painter who has not realised them, somehow, ever finds a perfect substitute.

#### THE LONE WOMAN.

THEY'RE gathering now at yon cross roads.  
I hear the wail of a violin.  
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!  
The women won't dance if I go in.

They're playing the tune he used to love  
Before he went away to the West.  
They're playing the tune we danced to best,  
It goes to my heart like my child's caress.

They're dancing a reel at yon cross roads.  
I hear the sound of a violin.  
Ah, heart in my breast, be keeping still!  
The women won't dance if I go in.

ROBERT A. CHRISTIE.

Aldershot.

#### CONSOLATION.

"And Death went away with her child into the Unknown Land."

O, in a dream last night, in a dream you came,  
Those arms about me, and that lovely look,  
Radiant through tears! and as of old for me  
Passionate love and understanding there,  
With something higher, loyal and large and free.

There was sorrow in my dream, and, when you came,  
The unutterable longing to be at rest,  
To be at rest with you! Then the sweet pang,  
When as of old remorseful love leaped up  
To shield and save you, darling, from my pain.

O, inspiration of unselfish love!  
Come to me still. I was only good for you.  
I am nothing alone. But I can live while life  
Still holds the consolation of a dream.

BEATRICE CREGAN.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE PEACE TWADDLERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 June 1916.

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from this week's "Economist", and venture to suggest that it is a national duty for those who, like yourself, so properly represent English opinion, to give the author of this and much more pernicious stuff the knockout blow he requires. Had the views expressed by the editor of the "Economist" before the declaration of war by England prevailed, Europe by to-day would have been under the heel of Germany. Before the war and since he has, in "the name of common sense", figured as a champion of German views and interests. He now seizes the chance provided by an electioneering speech of President Wilson's to treat this latest specimen of unfortunate oratory as a voice from the burning bush, and, gathering inspiration from it, cries to a raging world, "Peace, be still". From the lofty pedestal to which self-conceit and a grotesque pretence to omniscience have elevated him he sees only a vindictive endeavour on the part of a deluded Entente to "punish" the erring Hun. What though the Hun, in his boastful despatches, is gradually pushing back the French at Verdun, breaking the line at Ypres, and giving our Navy the worst doing it has had in all history! Despite all this, a moral revolution on the part of these self-acclaimed successful Germans will guarantee us from a repetition of further war if we will only cry, "Hold, enough!" We are to leave them to lick their wounds at their leisure after demonstrating that they can fight all civilisation and be sure that their success will teach them humility! We are furthermore asked to listen to a confirmation of these views provided by that much respected Lord Brassey,

who is quite naturally much perturbed at all this hideous bloodshed and misery. We all are shocked by it, but, young, middle-aged, or old, there is a fixed resolve in the minds of the vast majority of the people of this country and of the whole British Empire not to perpetrate a ghastly betrayal of our glorious dead.

I suggest that it is an abuse of the freedom of the Press that any man should be allowed to endeavour insidiously, in season and out of season, to weaken the resolve of the nation to win this war.

I trust you will treat this matter with the vigour and ability which make your paper a perpetual inspiration to every loyal Englishman who reads it.

Yours faithfully,

F. L.

\*\*. The article in question is entitled "President Wilson and the Peace Movement". It announces (3 June 1916), "Peace is in the air, and a peace on honourable terms which fulfil reasonable expectations will be more than popular. It will excite universal rejoicings."

#### THE NAVAL VICTORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The claim of victory in the North Sea battle by the Germans is just what one would expect from them, and is as preposterous as would be one made by the commander of an army who fell with his main strength upon the advanced guard of his enemy, and who, after suffering and inflicting considerable loss, beat a hasty retreat upon perceiving the approach of the main body of his foe. This would be a defeat in the eyes of anybody except Germans, who have for years secretly plotted and prepared to enslave the civilised world by cruelty and brute force, and who now will not see that they are going, slowly and surely, to perdition, or acknowledge that their claim to invincibility has been shattered to pieces. Our losses in this great naval fight have been very appalling, but we do not seek to hide or minimise them, as the Germans do theirs. The joyful rumours have come that the fleeing German Grand Fleet was divided and a portion driven into their own mine-field, where they suffered very great loss from the bursting of their own mines—a real case of the engineer hoisted on his own petard. These rumours must be received with reserve. Thousands of British homes are in sorrow and grief owing to the holocaust of the flower of our gallant sailors, about which our deadly enemies are "mafficking" and shrieking themselves wild with joy in Berlin. Thank Heaven, we do not crow and boast over fallen enemies, which is the lowest form possible of even the innate brutality of the German nature of to-day. As Lord Beresford writes, the Admiralty made a terrible mistake, and showed extraordinary want of sense in issuing their report in such terms on Friday, for on Saturday the impression existed, owing to this report, far and wide that our Fleet had been worsted, if not defeated. The delay in the issue of the British official message was most unfair to our own people at home, to our Colonies, to our Allies, and to our soldiers in the trenches. No one doubts that the German authorities brag and feed their people with lies; but when the German messages of triumph came, followed by the bald and seemingly equivocal report of our Admiralty, the public were justified in believing that we had had the worst of the fight, instead of which we won a great victory. Why the only communiqué that gave anything like satisfactory information should have been issued by Mr. Churchill passes the wit of man to discover: he says he had at his disposal the reports of the admirals. Is he in reality, as he appears to be, the Chief Lord of the Admiralty in substance, while Mr. Balfour is only so in shadow? Is he a soldier, or is he not? If he is, he ought to be with the battalion he commands. One cannot forget his bragging prophecies about digging

out the German Fleet like rats, about his assuring the Burgomeister of Antwerp that he was going to save the city, that our forces were within a few miles from a great victory in Gallipoli, and that any hostile aircraft which reached our coast would be promptly attacked by a swarm of very formidable hornets. Anyone may make errors of judgment, but Mr. Churchill's prognostics have never once been verified; they resemble those of the Germans too much to please the public, who want to know why an officer leaves his post at the front to issue explanations which, as the Navy consider, should have been, if necessary, made by the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Germans have been often aided by luck, as on this occasion, which they call "Gott mit uns", and this enabled them to escape the utter smashing they would have received from Sir John Jellicoe and his battleships had he arrived earlier on the scene. The battle shows the enormous superiority of the British marine over the German. The fact that a comparatively weak force, with smaller ships, held up the German Main Fleet for so long, and held on like bulldogs, in spite of their huge losses, till the Germans fled in fright on the approach of our Main Fleet, shows that the glorious traditions of our Navy are thoroughly kept up by the present generation of our seamen, and that the shades of Drake, Rodney, and Nelson may well be proud of their successors and successful emulators of their own glorious deeds.

On the other hand, we cannot withhold our admiration for the skill and courage with which the Germans fought, and we may well be thankful for two things: first, that the inevitable struggle with Germany came when it did, and not three years later, as the Kaiser intended; and, second, that we chose the path of honour, and entered into the war when we did, in spite of the hesitation displayed; for if we had not done so, what could not Germany have accomplished with her fleet, unblockaded, and with her flag flying all over the world, with her colonies intact? And yet there are those who say we have not done our due part in the war! The Germans have got their *am Tag*, and we must hope that they like its realisation. Our *am Tag* will be when we exact punishment, not from the German Navy and Army, but from the Arch Hun who has forced this war on the world solely from ambition for himself and the vile Hohenzollern dynasty, who has perpetrated the greatest crime against humanity and civilisation ever committed, and who, as far as we are concerned, is responsible for the deaths, the misery, and the mourning that have fallen upon thousands of our people. These things are never to be forgotten or forgiven.

ALFRED E. TURNER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 June 1916.

SIR,—To the chastened tone of last Saturday morning's Press there has succeeded the inevitable reaction of vain-glorious boasting, and one may, if sufficiently foolishly inclined, now read in a score of irresponsible journals the thrilling stories of how this or that unit of His Majesty's Navy tackled single-handed the massed super-Dreadnoughts of the enemy. That there was fighting against odds, and against heavy odds, is a foregone conclusion when the British Navy is afforded such an opportunity as that of a week ago. Its deeds will yet receive the sober and dignified eulogies which are befitting: meanwhile, the good sense and good taste of the community are alike insulted by wretched sensation-mongers, who would turn the noblest story into a burlesque by their method of telling it, and are ready to be imposed upon by the first humorous seaman they meet whose yarn can be head-lined as that of "One Who was Present at the Fight".

Unfortunately this is by no means the only misuse made of a great occasion by certain sections of the Press. There is the far more serious misdemeanour—confined happily to fewer instances than the one already referred to—of



actually sowing distrust of the ability of our naval commanders in the minds of the public before those commanders have been able to give their own version of the affair. Such unspeakable folly in the midst of a great conflict might well have drawn down on the chief offenders something far more serious than the courteous rebuke just administered by the Admiralty. It is an offence against the safety of the Realm, and merits treatment as such.

One other type of foolishness, exemplified in the pathetic cry of the "Daily News" for Lord Fisher: "The country needs him in this urgent hour!" may be dismissed in a word. Not so the amazing neglect of an unrivalled opportunity for opening the eyes and unstopping the ears of a public accustomed to believe that the naval issue had been long since decided, once for all, and that the enemy's Navy would never dare to emerge from its jealously-guarded harbours.

Whatever subsequent light may be thrown on the great fight of 31 May, the essential facts remain that the German High Seas Fleet has emerged in great force, that it struck a serious blow at an important section of our Fleet, and that, however heavy its own losses may have been, its invaluable system of air espionage enabled it to elude the pursuit of our avenging battle fleets.

On the superb efficiency of every branch of the British Forces engaged we may well reflect with pride. Harassed by a combination of most difficult conditions, they have acted up to the greatest traditions of the great Service to which they belong. The whole Empire is proud of them, and deplores the unavoidable losses which they have sustained, and yet this is not the thought upon which our entire public would do well to dwell. To the man who says we have already done our share, and more than our share; to the credulous believer in every rumour of overtures of peace; above all to those strangely insensible people who still look for holidays as usual, amusements as usual, luxuries as usual, there is only one really salutary lesson from the North Sea fight—the lesson that the German Navy is still in being, that it is capable of dealing powerful blows, and that the task of reducing it to impotence is still a very formidable one.

Yours faithfully,  
"REALIST."

#### THE QUESTION OF ESCORT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Firlea, 15, College Road, Exeter,  
7 June 1916.

SIR,—Our enemy is decidedly very clever. Why do we not use—and continually use—the prayer provided for us in time of war? What more suitable for this time than the petition, "Confound their devices"? The enemy's device has now taken from us the man we needed, the man we looked for, the man who was granted to us. For himself, he has gone down in the battle shock; most fitting death for him, the consummate soldier. He did his great work in this most terrible war in giving us our splendid Army. But we needed him still. Who is to take his place?

Was it right—he being the man he was, in the position he was—that the ship he was in should have been without any escort? Had it even been his wish that it should be so, the wish should not have been granted.

Yours faithfully,  
(Rev.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

#### ARISTODEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newton Hall, Newton, Cambridge,  
3 June 1916.

SIR,—I am in no way writing to complain of your review of my book, "Aristodemocracy". On the contrary, I think it a clear statement of the views and principles on which we differ, ably written and effective. You advise me "to temper my enthusiasm with a dash of cynicism". You will forgive me if I retort by the only form of repartee open

to one singularly mistrustful of humour where serious questions are at stake, namely, the *tu quoque*. For it has long since been my belief that paradoxical exaggeration of diction with a dash of cynicism in dealing with grave questions is the prevalent disease in the literary spirit of the young England of our days, to which the taste of the reading public responds. My advice is that you temper your convictions and their expression with a dash of idealism and of faith in the capacity of human nature to respond to ideals when clearly brought home to its understanding, as well as of the practical value of such ideals. This form of idealism is not necessarily the outcome of youthful inexperience and trustfulness. Prolonged and wider experience of life and knowledge of all manners of men, including sad disillusion and occasional dejection, if not despair, caused by the realisation of the supreme power of stupidity and of untruthfulness among the mass of human beings, does not necessarily shake our enduring faith in the ultimate victory of truth, of common sense, and of kindness among men.

The scheme for an International Court backed by power—a truly effective International Police—is based on practical and sober induction applied, not only to moral and social, but also to economical forces. It is not the academic dreaming of Utopia. That it may be most difficult to realise is undoubted. Whoever in his senses would claim that such a task would be easy? Who can ignore the numerous difficulties, apparently almost insurmountable? But, what is the alternative for future man? Killenny cats? When once such a Court is established, it will certainly be within its power to make it "impossible for Germany to fool its neighbours". It surely is not too much to expect that the judges (not necessarily jurists), appointed without any national mandate from their own countries, should subordinate their decisions to a pure duty to justice. This is not inconsistent with our experience of the action of courts in national life where personal and local interests, however strong their appeal, are practically ineffectual. Nor has past history, when true humanitarian feeling was not such an effective force in the minds of men as it is to-day, disproved that soldiers will fight bravely for a cause imposed upon them by their superiors. Moreover, it is neither desirable nor necessary that the several quotas should retain national solidarity in the international army and navy.

You say that I write "an old prescription for the cure of war, undeterred by the fact that he has not yet got rid of strife in a single village". Surely the analogy is misleading. In the life of a village there may be quarrels ending in blows or even in fatal bullets. But the law at once intervenes to adjust the wrong done. We all know this and live in the security of this conviction—one of the fundamental elements in civilised mentality. There might be national transgressors in spite of an all-powerful International Police. But in States with representative Government (I am only considering these) the blow or the bullet can only be struck or fired after much deliberation, and, practically, the consent of the nation and its Government. Momentary passion will be eliminated—at least to an infinitely greater degree. The true analogy applying to the scheme for an International Court and Police is the duel of old as a means of securing justice. With modern civilised man the true sense of justice and common sense have long since discarded this custom prevalent in former days.

In quoting from my preface you did not add the following important statement, qualifying my desire for secure peace: "Even after the war our military preparedness must not be relaxed or weakened unless such an International Court backed by power is established. . . . Meanwhile the British Empire will have to increase its military strength, and, above all, retain unimpaired its command of the sea".

To prove to you that I was sincere in making this statement since this war began, allow me to recall my personal attitude before the war. Though formerly I had the assurance of Germany's peaceful intentions as regards ourselves from the most authoritative sources in that Empire and believed my informants, nevertheless, when in 1911 the Agadir incident occurred, I joined the National Service League. For I believed in the old motto impressed upon me in my

boyhood during the war in America: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry". I could give you further personal proofs that I believe in effective resistance so long as international peace cannot be effectively safeguarded.

Meanwhile, may I hope that you and those who think as you do will bring *un peu de bonne volonté* and faith towards the efforts to secure mankind against the curse of war.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

[We are delighted to publish this letter, and we thank Sir Charles Waldstein for his courtesy. If idealism had been of any service to British foreign politics during the last century Sir Charles's views and principles would invite renewed discussion; but it was British idealism that sent us into this war very ill-prepared, and we prefer adequate defence with humour to dreams of perpetual peace without humour.—ED.]

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
The Manse, Cults, Aberdeenshire,

30 May 1916.

SIR,—I should like to thank you for the delightful little review of Poe's Works in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. It is brief, but its insight and independence have given me more pleasure than anything I have read on Poe. The thought of America having a literary tradition before it had a literature is excellently luminous, and I am charmed to find openly expressed by so competent a critic the opinion so contrary to current estimates, that the Tales, for all their originality, are on the second plane compared with the poems and the criticism. I am grateful to your critic for confirming my secret thought.

I hope the SATURDAY is going strong. Sir William Robertson Nicoll often reminds his readers of a Golden Age that it had, but in my time it has never been so good as it is just now.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. S. CHRISTIE.

THE DECAY OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74, Tranquil Vale,

Blackheath, S.E.,

27 May 1916.

SIR,—An inspired Church, as Mr. Lovell's letter evidently indicates, would, at the present time, be of more importance politically than it would theologically. Faith is not derived from understanding, but from inspiration, and the decay of faith is due to the absence of inspiration in the Church.

That the Roman Church is gaining ground is due to the fact of its imperishable adherence to the miraculous in Divine things, and it is an open question whether Protestant forms of understanding have been of real service to the Church. The Mother Church was constructed upon faith—and faith alone. There is a rigid mechanism about the understanding which tends to destroy faith. A recent utterance of the Bishop of Manchester is not inapplicable here. I give it as I read it in the Press.

"Machinery is not the last word in force. If ever man allows it to be so the cause of humanity is lost. The will is more than the machine; the life is more than all scientific inventions."

Truly, there is a mark of inspiration in this utterance, in that it has a sound of revolt against the exacting understanding of science. With further inspiration the exact ruling of philosophy might be included. It is not the first time that philosophy has attempted to supply a substitute for faith, either before or since the Christian era. But it is the first time science has entered the arena as a power of the understanding.

Man has many times liberated himself from the shackles forged by philosophy, but liberation from the shackles

which have been forged by science is a different thing, and needs a miracle. With philosophy mind works in opposition (as well as in unity) with mind. With science such a principle of inspiration as mind is entirely eliminated. Hence the struggle for human freedom to-day is more deadly and uninspired than in the past. Science has practically dethroned mind, but it can never dethrone soul. Its substitute for faith, unlike philosophy's substitute (understanding), is a thing which the soul of man will never be shackled with, namely, death. Man's soul may have no understanding of life, but neither has it any understanding of death. Life and death to the soul of man is a matter of pure faith—miraculous knowledge.

Both science and philosophy, therefore, are responsible for some wrong understanding (knowledge) in the matter of life and death. Unlike the brute creation, man has a dead knowledge (miraculous ground) of life. For, apart from this dead knowledge, all doctrine of judgment would be meaningless. It is this knowledge of judgment that adds consciousness in death. Therefore, whatever connection matter can have with human life, death, as a human state, cannot possibly have reference to any material end of life. And, as a matter of fact, science can discover no material end of life. The brute perishes and knows not. Man passes hence with the sense of some infinite knowledge. What kind of knowledge is this death knowledge? It must be the kind of knowledge which, alone, gives character to his knowledge of life, since, apart from this knowledge of death, his knowledge of life would be merely brute knowledge.

Obviously, then, man's wrong understanding springs from brute knowledge, which seduces him into the belief that death is a blank state and not a conscious state. Science itself considers death to be a blank state, as death supplies no material evidence of life or consciousness. Thus has science fallen into the same pit with philosophy through this very blank state. Both are lost in explaining death, because it is associated with a miraculous principle—life. Science confuses matter with death, philosophy confuses matter with life. Thus, as philosophy stood powerless to explain away matter, so science stands powerless to explain away mind.

Huxley, in viewing the action of a living cell through the microscope, termed the "will" action, not the material action, the act of the "potter". Yet this scientist asks in his "Lectures and Essays" (page 53):

"What justification is there for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative, or correlative, in the not living matter which gave rise to it?"

He surely had his reply in his own terms, namely, the justification of the presence or "will" of the "potter".

The term "potter" may be an evasive term, but it nevertheless involves a historical form other than a blank material form.

Philosophy's inexplicable or "potter" ground is the non-ego.

The writer was once told by a well-known Cambridge divine and doctor of laws that he had long given up all faith in philosophy and trusted wholly to historical evidences.

This is really the only way out of the chaos which has been evolved from man's wrong understanding. The only historical evidence existing which can explain the integral unity, and, therefore, fill up the breach between life and death, is the historical evidence of the Word, which the Church, unfortunately, has forsaken. In that the Divine (moral) mystery of the conjunction between life and death is contained in the word creation; man, as a word creature (Logos bearer), is a miraculous creation, his moral unity being a faith unity. The foreword to St. John's Gospel was an attempt to revive man's faith in Christianity through the miraculous or Logos basis. The fact of the Resurrection, even in St. John's time, had created what the fact of the Incarnation could not create, viz., a historic separation of fact.

Understanding can never act as a substitute for faith, because there is only one basis of understanding to the miraculous, namely, a Divine understanding.



The word creation, therefore, explains the blank universe which separates science from philosophy, since, apart from the "potter", science has no mind mystery to explain, and, apart from the non-ego, philosophy has no material mystery to explain.

The word creation is both a life and death creation.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

#### THE INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 May 1916.

SIR,—Will you allow me to say a few words with reference to the unjust taxation which has been imposed upon the income-tax payer in England? I am at present residing in France, where taxation is general throughout the country, inclusive of all food, and everything is taxed with the exception of income. Prices are naturally high, but there are no complaints, as the taxation is distributed equally and justly throughout, thereby making economy compulsory.

A small tax of 2 per cent. may possibly be put upon income in France this year, but as yet this is uncertain. Supertax is, of course, unknown. Bicycles are not an exception to the general taxation, each one being taxed three francs a year. Advertisements are also taxed, and a large revenue accrues from the payment of bills, to which stamps of twenty centimes each are affixed by the recipient when paid, and the number of stamps is graduated according to the amount of the bill.

Why should not England, in these respects, take a leaf from our Allies, instead of putting almost the entire burden of the war upon those who are the natural supporters of the country and of the poorer classes, and on whom employment after the war to a great extent depends?

This class are patiently submitting to the ruthless hands of the shearers, who are fulfilling their promise to the letter of "robbing the hen roosts" and not leaving a single rich man in the country.

Why preach economy in England when, through the munificence of the Government, the greater part of the nation are receiving more than they ever possessed in their lives before, and are squandering the money (which might have helped to win the war) on the purchase of pianos, sham jewellery, etc., whilst the greater part of the taxation is laid upon the wealthier class, for the simple reason that their votes are less numerous, and therefore of less importance than those of the makers of matches, post-cards, etc., who must not be interfered with? For what reason are servants' wages exempted from taxation? They are a class who are well fed, comfortably housed, have but little to do, object to economy, and are not affected by the war in any way. The French sum up the subject of English taxation in these words: "Mais c'est affreux".

Yours, etc.,

G. C. W.

#### THE NIGHTSHADES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am afraid that Miss N. C. Herman-Hodge has gone astray in the charming and interesting poem on the "deadly nightshade" published in your paper on 27 May. Evidently the plant in mind is the very common "bitter sweet" or "woody nightshade" (*Solanum dulcamara*), to which is wrongly attributed the poisonous character of the "deadly nightshade" (*Atropa belladonna*). This latter plant is a low shrub with large and beautiful black berries, is comparatively rare, and is now much needed by the Government for medical purposes.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. MORGAN.

[We are sure the poet will value Mr. Morgan's anxiety for botanical exactitude; but local tradition is a hardy plant. Mr. Morgan's attention, by the way, might be directed to Keats's "Ode on Melancholy", wherein the poisonous nightshade is described as "ruby grape".—ED. "S. R."]

## REVIEWS.

HOMERIC GALLIPOLI.

"With the Zionists in Gallipoli." By Lt.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Hutchinson. 6s.

HERE is a rapid, virile book, written by a man of action, and written, as we chance to know, by a first-class fellow. It was finished in a month, while the author was recovering from an illness that ended his work in Gallipoli as commander of the Zion Mule Corps. The style comes from a mind that is unofficial, a mind that sees all events under the form of visual conception, and makes them real in spontaneous words. A tired reviewer sits up in his chair and reads on and on; there is electricity in each page, and fearless criticism provokes as much thought as the intrepid courage. Veteran soldiers have a right to be critics of military affairs; and when Colonel Patterson finds fault with any person or with anything, his phrases bite. They cannot be forgotten. And the motive-power behind them is the conviction that criticism cannot be too direct, because the lives of thousands are imperilled daily in the firing lines.

Though Colonel Patterson regards the Dardanelles campaign as the greatest failure in the history of British arms, he knows that our terrible losses have not been altogether fruitless (p. 305). We held up and almost destroyed a magnificent Turkish Army, and by so doing we gave invaluable aid to Russia, whose struggle against Enver Pasha's great push in the Caucasus stood urgently in need of a diversion to split up the Turkish forces and to cause anxiety at Constantinople. Though we lost Gallipoli, we helped to win Erzeroum. And the wonderful bravery of the misadventure has never been excelled by any troops in the world. For all that, a nation with great traditions must ask her leaders to weigh and measure every failure, and we are glad that Colonel Patterson has added his reasoning frankness to the accumulations of professional criticism. His view is that the political strategy of the campaign was bold and sound, but that the military attack, being divided into "little packets", failed at all points to be decisive for want of sufficient reserved force. This enabled the Turks to perfect their trenches, to bring up reinforcements, to add to their gun-power, and to win at last their great success. Over this matter soldiers will quarrel a hundred years hence. It is with battles as with books: their shortcomings are easy to pick out, but none can say for certain that they would be more successful had they been brought to a finish in some other way.

After reading this book there are three things that stick in one's mind: (1) The Turks fought much better than our side had anticipated; (2) their supplies of shells were larger than our own, particularly during the months in which our exposed positions were made into a labyrinth of trenches; (3) the campaign in a few weeks was too big for the improvised resources of our new armies. "We were never really strong enough to undertake a serious offensive", says Colonel Patterson, "and our guns never had ammunition enough to prepare the way properly by a devastating bombardment. Half an hour or an hour was usually about all we were able to do in the way of knocking the Turkish trenches about with high explosive, whereas these same trenches needed a steady rain of shells for several days to crumple them up and destroy the scores of machine-guns which bristled everywhere. Trench warfare seemed to have taken us completely by surprise; we were without trench mortars, but, luckily, were able to borrow some from the French; neither had we any bombs or hand-grenades, except such as we could manufacture locally out of jam tins" (p. 180).

As for the Zion Mule Corps, it was the first known Jewish unit employed in war for about two thousand years. No such thing had been recorded since the days of the Maccabees. Colonel Patterson raised the corps

in Egypt from among the Jewish refugees of Russian nationality who had fled from Palestine to be free from Turkish oppression. On 19 March 1915 Colonel Patterson was appointed to his unique command, and in less than a week he had chosen his volunteers. The sanctioned strength of the corps in officers and men was, roughly, 500, with twenty riding horses for officers and the senior non-commissioned officers, and 750 pack mules for transport work. The men were armed with excellent rifles, bayonets, and ammunition, all captured from the Turks when they made their futile assault on the Suez Canal. The work of training went on at Wardian Camp from dawn to dark, and in a little over three weeks the unit was in the firing line at Gallipoli and doing useful work there (p. 42). But a great disappointment came to the Zionists when they arrived at Lemnos in the transports "Hymettus" and "Anglo-Egyptian". Colonel Patterson says:

"On the afternoon of 23 April I got somewhat of a shock on being informed that the Zion Mule Corps was to be divided. The half on the 'Hymettus' was to go with the 29th Division, and the other half, those already on board the 'Anglo-Egyptian', were to be sent with the Australians and New Zealanders. Of course, these arrangements would have been all right if those three divisions had been landed at the same place; but, as they were to disembark some dozen miles apart, it would be impossible for me to keep an eye on both halves of the corps, and I greatly feared that the half away from my own personal supervision would not prove a success, for officers, N.C.O.'s, and men were entirely new to soldiering, and it was too much to expect that they could go straight into the firing line after only some three weeks' training, and come through the ordeal triumphantly, without an experienced commander."

In fact, the Zionists proved of no use to the Australians. They were mismanaged, for their inexperience was not understood, and in a fortnight they were sent back to Alexandria, and there disbanded. Their commander would have been delighted to receive them at the Lancashire landing, but he was passed over in silence, and some months later he was obliged to reinforce his corps by seeking recruits in Egypt.

One of the most stirring chapters keeps the reader in Mudros Harbour, where the Colonel's ship runs aground on a mud-bank, from which she cannot be tugged. Scene follows scene, as in a military tale by Kipling; mules and men have to be transhipped by a given hour to the "Dundrennon", and hitches make the feat impossible. The Captain of the "Dundrennon" has orders to sail at five o'clock a.m. sharp, and at this hour he intends to weigh anchor with or without Colonel Patterson. After anxious trouble the Colonel gets an official order delaying the sailing of the ship till eight o'clock. At a quarter to five he returns to the "Dundrennon" and is greeted by the wrathful skipper, who has his boat ready for a punctual start. Colonel Patterson shouts up to him: "I've an order cancelling your sailing till eight o'clock. Do you want to see it?" "I do!" says the skipper, gruffly. "Pass it up on this rope", he adds, throwing a line aboard the trawler.

In the last resort, had he failed to get the official order, Colonel Patterson would have seized the anchor winch and finished his transhipment (p. 68), because his corps was the only one to take up food and water to the 29th Division (p. 66). His men did invaluable service to the firing lines after their landing on V Beach, a horrible arena of death, to the east of Cape Helles. It was on to this beach, down the gangways of the "River Clyde", that the intrepid Munsters landed, a storm of lead pouring in upon them and shooting them down by scores. "Some who were struck in the leg stumbled and fell into the water, where, owing to the weight of their packs and ammunition, they went to the bottom and were drowned. For days after, these unfortunate men

could be seen through the clear water, many of them still grasping their rifles."

Earthquake and hell combined met the Munsters and the Dublins, yet some of them landed safely and found shelter behind a ridge of sand. More than half of the landing party died before reaching this friendly sandbank, and many others lay wounded on the beach. Father Finn, the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Dublins, had his wrist shattered by a bullet, but he went on amid shot and shell to the shore and consoled the wounded and the dying. At last a bullet struck him near the hip, and, on seeing this, some of the Dublins rushed out from the protection of the sandbank and brought him into its shelter. But duty called him still. How could he stay in safety when his poor boys were being shot at in the open? So Father Finn crawled out again and met his death whilst in the act of giving consolation to a stricken man. A V.C. has not yet been offered to his memory, though there is a sacred place for it on the colours of his regiment.

People at home should be grateful to Colonel Patterson, for he enables them to understand that they ought to be very humble and very watchful as debtors to the battle-lines. Excited all day long by shrieking posters and headlines, they are apt to forget their true position in this war. To live by those who die is a dreadful penance to any person that thinks imaginatively.

#### THE CHARM OF THE NEAR EAST.

"Visits to Monasteries in the Levant." By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Junr., with an Introduction by D. G. Hogarth. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. net.

MANY excellent Victorian books are being pushed out of recognition by inferior modern substitutes, and the Clarendon Press has done well in reviving in the neat form of the "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry" a host of volumes which are well known to the real student, but apt to be neglected by the average reader.

Lord Zouche's "Visits to the Levant Monasteries"—the title retains his name of 1865—had a great success when it first appeared, and deserves a vigorous life no less than "Eothen", with which it is inevitably compared. Kinglake wrote with all the elaboration of a conscious artist, but our memory of the two books is by no means to the disadvantage of Lord Zouche. Lacking the purple passages of "Eothen", he is stronger in incident and lively detail, and free from the defects of the *poseur* and the superior person. He is abundantly gifted with that intellectual curiosity which was a special mark of the eighteenth century and which, tempered with a sense of humour, goes far to make books of travel readable. His sly enthusiasm, too, for the discovery of manuscripts is delightful, and the indifference of their possessors to their contents or decent preservation modifies, as Mr. Hogarth points out, the charge of robbery. In his introduction the editor has supplied a useful summary of the value of Lord Zouche's collections, and the work of those who followed in his footsteps. We wish, however, that he had gone further and annotated freely in the light of modern research the statements and conclusions of the book. Lord Zouche had a decent education and was an effective writer, but he could not, of course, claim to rank with the modern sort of savant or a trained observer, like Mr. Hogarth himself. Some of the derivations are wild. Macarius, for instance, is not responsible for the "Danse Macabre". It represents a Dance of the Maccabees, which is the Dance of the Dead because a portion of the Second Book of Maccabees was read in the mass for the dead. The odd Latin on p. 91 is a misquotation from the seventeenth century couplet of a professor of Wittenberg.

But, apart from learning, the narrative is delightful as pure story. We read again with unalloyed interest of the two blind muezzins who tried to catch an



amorous young man, and were induced by him to stab each other; of trying contests with fleas, ill-flavoured delicacies, and the famous apple of the Dead Sea; and of the little bird which justified Herodotus and prevented the author from bagging a crocodile. Last, but not least, we get a vivid impression of the dignity and kindness of the East which are no less notable than the squalor and savagery. The Arab may be a thief, but he is a model of dignified deportment and a rebuke to the increasingly shoddy manners of the West in the twentieth century.

#### IN THE ACTIVE VOICE.

"The Triumph of Tim." By H. A. Vachell. Smith, Elder. 6s.

IN its secondary title this novel is described as "The Life History of a Chameleon". Tim passes through a good many phases between his boyhood in the model village of Little Pennington and his return there in the middle thirties. The multitude of his experiences as Etonian, sailor before the mast, rancher, man of business, painter, man of letters, lover and husband and father, may be taken to account for the fact that when he comes home again he has, apparently, decided to be elderly. The ordinary man would object to being shelved quite so early; but, if half the span of life does not seem enough, there is no doubt about three hundred and fifty pages being the approved length for a work of fiction. Here, of course, we discern the difficulty of the novelist whose ambition it is to write one of these "life-histories". The sordid questions of space and time check him in mid-career. There remains the possibility of a second volume or a sequel; but we trust Mr. Vachell will stop here. Let him leave his readers to picture Tim as a model to all the models of Little Pennington, which he once fled in disgrace, or let them think of him pining for fresh adventure, or absorbed in literature and fatherhood, or merely vegetating. The exuberant hero has been good fun, and it would only spoil sport to follow him farther.

Frankly, this is not a story to be taken seriously. It is an entertainment, with a variety of well-staged scenes. Tim standing in his father's study, waiting for a homily on his sins; Tim waiting with his Mexican friend for trial by the laws of Judge Lynch; or Tim making money fast and furious, in a "boom" season, are all good. The author makes his words give us a picture, and the pictures move. Mr. Vachell, like several other novelists, has taken lessons in his craft from the makers of films for the cinematograph. The public is, for the time being, tired of discussions, and wants to see activity and to smell sweat. It wants activity, violence, and just a touch of brutality, and here we have the type of the novel that is written under what we may call "war conditions". All the same, the author keeps a certain amount of literary pride, which leads him into the more shallow waters of philosophy and psychology. Now and then there may be a pretence that Tim, fighting a drunken seaman, is fighting himself or that part of him which is evil. We do not believe it. The hero only comes to life in a scene, and when he is off the stage he becomes the mere shadow of a man, so why should there be any affectation of troubling about his character?

Just once in the book a halt is called. Tim, who elsewhere has always a surplus of energies ready for his next move, becomes for a little while a lotus-eater. When he marries the Mexican girl, and settles in the Californian valley where the final peace of Old Spain has taken refuge from American progress, he stands still. For a while he does not even look round him.

He, who always had some of himself to spare, whatever he was doing, seems to find that he needs the whole of himself when he is doing nothing. One wonders if Mr. Vachell, who writes so much of vigorous life, can really have, tucked away at the back of his mind, an idea that the one pursuit which brooks no interruption is the eating of the lotus? For a few pages he seems somewhere near this truth, but he goes on to talk of conquests and the necessity of golf for the unemployed. And Tim, of course, breaks away from the happy valley. We say "of course" because we are talking about the chief personage in a novel of movement, one who has been set to the task of triumphing over all sorts of odds and ends, including his nominal character and his much more real enemies, who range from Delilahs of the servants' hall to tough men with shooting irons. But still the question returns as to how it would have been with one of ordinary flesh. We doubt, indeed, whether such a one would easily have thrown aside that very pleasant torpor. Anyhow, we count Tim's sojourn with the sleeping beauty as the most dangerous of his experiments. Certainly it was the one that came nearest to putting an end to his great display of muscle, wind, and hell-for-leather activity. In the end, we have to salute the hero with a purpose. As a comparatively new type in modern fiction we are glad to meet him and watch his adventures; but we suspect that his early-morning vitality may in time grow tiresome. Tim, remember, had himself to retire early.

#### THE SCHOOL PREACHER.

"School Homilies." By Arthur Sidgwick. Second Series. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. SIDGWICK is one of those scholars who, by a happy dispensation of fortune, belong both to Oxford and Cambridge. Always a graceful writer, he won the Members' Prize for an essay no fewer than three times in his early days at Cambridge. He went on to Rugby as a master, and later to Oxford as a Reader in Greek. He is known to multitudes of schoolboys as an editor of Virgil and Æschylus, and they doubtless continue to discover, with a shock of pleasant surprise, the deft humour of his manual of "Greek Prose Composition" which deceived the acute wit of Mark Twain. That humour has been the delight for many years of all who know him, and it played an important part in teaching him what to avoid in his lay sermons at Rugby. More than a hundred of these are now revealed in print for the admiration and, we hope, the imitation of all preachers to schoolboys. The two series are models of sincere and effective preaching without dogma to public schoolboys, a sort of admonition as difficult, we imagine, as any. Of the human boy we may say, with La Fontaine, "Cet âge est sans pitié"; anything extravagant or grossly rhetorical, any forced allusion or display of sickly sentiment, is sufficient to disqualify a school preacher, and to make him the butt of ridicule instead of the guide and friend. When he poses as the philosopher he is apt to fail egregiously. Ethical systems and the refinements of dogma come later.

In the days of Tom Brown, as an acute critic remarked to us, boys talked about their religious feelings in a way unknown to their modern counterparts. They have since become as shy of expressing their Christianity as they are of proclaiming their Christian names. Mr. Sidgwick did not speak from a pulpit, but in the familiar atmosphere of the hall of the house to which he was attached as tutor.

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He made admirable use of his opportunity; the limits of his discourses (exhibited in the facsimile of one of them, written with exquisite neatness on a single sheet of paper) are a guarantee that no time was wasted on idle repetitions. He has no set text to which he is bound, and can begin with the maxim of a Roman poet as well as a Bible reference. We can see that he is saturated with the lessons of Greece and Rome, but he wears his learning lightly. He is practical, not pedantic, and at no time was he capable of the dull and lifeless sermon on the Virgin Birth which we once heard from a well-meaning head master. On such themes as "Public Spirit", "Excuses", "Purpose", and "True and False Manliness" his words are as applicable to the older world as to schoolboys, and in "Precepts and Paradoxes" he displays a boldness beyond the average preacher. We find him denouncing the almost utter want of culture in our public schools, which have markedly improved in such resources since he wrote; but for the most part his lessons on duty, sympathy, the real qualities of greatness, the limits of cleverness, "the spanless chasm which severs the character that can be trusted from that which cannot" are as pertinent to-day as they were forty years since. Mr. Sidgwick has done much for education, and these little volumes form a fitting crown to his labours.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Rambles in the Vaudese Alps." By F. S. Salisbury. With eight illustrations. Dent. 2s. 6d net.

Our recollections of the Vaudese Alps include some flowers, and an American who, gazing at the moon, exclaimed, "Wal, I guess I haven't seen the old gal for a long time". Mr. Salisbury did not meet the equal of that American in the summer holiday of 1908 recorded here; but he satisfied to the full his keenness concerning the Alpine flora, and a good deal of the holiday feeling has got into his pages. He is evidently a wise man who knows the folly of rushing, and in his moments of leisure he has an eye for big mountain effects and impressions of humanity as well as the wonders of nature. There is a little unnecessary detail concerning meals and trivial discomforts; but, on the whole, the book is, for a reader with any botanical leanings, decidedly attractive, and may succeed in imparting a good deal of sound information without boredom. The divagations of the party are described in detail, and a map would have been useful for those who wish to follow in their footsteps.

Occasionally Mr. Salisbury is pedantic. He should have added to "Calluna vulgaris" and "Oxalis acetosella" their common names, and he might have explained what Squinancywort means. His notes gain value from their frequent reference to English flowers cognate with the Alpine. It is odd that he is scarcely able to remember the dodder in England, for we have seen it abounding year after year in various places. Notes on rare and beautiful English flowers are never judicious, and we have no intention of adding to Mr. Salisbury's lore in this respect.

"The Latin Church in the Middle Ages." By André Legarde. Translation by Archibald Alexander. International Theological Library. 12s.

This is the work of a Frenchman who possesses all the clarity of thought and felicity of expression that belong to his nation. The book cannot fail to be useful to students of the period who are desirous of seeing more than can be seen usually from an English, or a Scottish, point of view.

#### ONCE A MONTH.

In "Blackwood's Magazine" there are two articles that everyone will read with the greatest interest. They are printed side by side, and the subject of each is a modern statesman. One treats of thirteen years in the life of Disraeli (1855-1868), and the other of ten years in the career of Mr. Asquith (1906-1916). Benjamin Disraeli, were he living to-day, would find in stupendous events a discipline great enough to mature his genius. Amid the jealousies and intrigues of a minor time his gifts as a leader were wasted. So much human rubbish blocked his path and delayed his movements that he grew old in the toils of pettiness. At the beginning of his career Disraeli understood Prussia and warned Europe against her. In 1864 he did not understand her, though Bismarck in 1862, at a party at Brunnow's, had given Disraeli an outline of the Prussian

policy. "I shall soon be compelled to undertake the conduct of the Prussian Government", said Bismarck. "My first care will be to reorganise the army, with or without the Landtag. As soon as the army shall have been brought into such a condition as to inspire respect I shall seize the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, dissolve the German Diet, subdue the minor States, and give national unity to Germany under Prussian leadership. I have come here to say this to the Queen's Ministers". Yet Disraeli failed to divine the cause and purpose of Bismarck's adventure in Denmark.

Other papers in Blackwood's are candid and thoughtful. Mr. Moira O'Neill declares, in his article on the Irish troubles, that the Irish people have a profound contempt for the British Government, and that Germany is active still in the Green Sphinx. "What I Saw at Belgrade", by R. C. G., is a good article, and some tragic battle pictures in East Africa are drawn by "Ganpat".

The "National Review" has three good papers: "British and German War Finance", by Mr. Edgar Crammond; "Child Saving—A Page from the Registrar-General's Annual Report", by Lady Selborne; and "The Week of Tragedy", by Baron Beyens, sometime Belgian Minister in Berlin.

In "Cornhill" Mr. Max Beerbohm tells an ironic story of the eighteen-nineties and is kind to those of us who are reading all day long about the war. It is a story that runs to twenty-five pages, and in its roundabout directness we find Will Rothenstein, John Lane, Aubrey Beardsley, Harland, "The Yellow Book", the British Museum, and a dim hero named Enoch Soames. Compare this tale of peace with Dr. Dearmer's pictures of Ypres, or with Mr. Jeffery E. Jeffery's "In the Line". Will England ever go back to the eighteen-nineties? Will she sink from her struggle for life into an Aubrey Beardsley? Harland, as editor of "The Yellow Book", is a jolly picture. When asked if he knew anything of the work of a man called Enoch Soames, "Harland paused in the midst of his characteristic stride around the room, threw up his hands towards the ceiling, and groaned aloud: he had often met 'that absurd creature' in Paris, and this very morning had received some poems in manuscript from him". "Has he no talent?" asked Max Beerbohm. "He has an income. He's all right", answered Harland, who "was the most joyous of men and most generous of critics".

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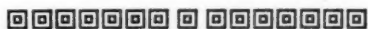
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## A COMPREHENSIVE HOUSE-HOLDERS' POLICY.

**A**LTHOUGH it might be perfectly justifiable to assert that luck has played an important part in the wonderfully rapid developments of the business of the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., it is even more undeniable that the greater part of the success achieved has been due to enterprising management and a sound appreciation of public needs. The "All-In" policy issued by the company may be taken as an illustration of the enterprise and judgment of Mr. E. M. Mountain, the managing director. This contract, for which the charge made is only 1s. 6d. per cent. in the case of house-owners' risks, and 5s. per cent. to cover all house-holders' risks, has undoubtedly filled a vacant place. Occupiers of private dwelling-houses, when insuring their goods and chattels, certainly do not wish to be bothered with two or more policies in order to obtain more or less full protection; nor do they care to study documents containing many lengthy and more or less ambiguous clauses. What tenants constantly asked for was a simple contract covering them to the fullest extent possible, and this desire has now been gratified. The "All-In" policy really deserves its name, as its exclusions are by no means numerous. War risks are not carried by it, and sundry specified articles are mentioned as not being included in the term "contents of every description, including tenants' fittings"—namely, "motor cars and accessories, live stock (other than horses), deeds, bonds, bills of exchange, promissory notes, securities for money, stamps, documents, manuscripts, or bonds of account".

In all other respects, however, the indemnity given is complete, and it extends from the dwelling-house to the outbuildings. When the modest premium has been paid the purchaser is protected against loss or damage by—

- 1.—Fire, burglary, house-breaking, larceny, theft.
- 2.—Bursting of water-pipes and apparatus (following frost).
- 3.—Storm, flood, or tempest (not exceeding 5 per cent. of the total sum insured).
- 4.—Explosion of gas or domestic boilers, hot-water pipes and heating apparatus.
- 5.—Accidental breakage of mirrors (intact at date of effecting policy).
- 6.—Lightning and thunderbolt.
- 7.—Subterranean fire, earthquake, riots, strikes, insurrection, civil commotion.
- 8.—Linen at a laundry, not otherwise insured.
- 9.—Loss of rent, up to 10 per cent. of the sum insured, should damage by fire render the buildings uninhabitable.
- 10.—Damage by burglars and housebreakers.
- 11.—Theft by servants, workpeople, and others rightfully or wrongfully on premises to which the insurance extends.
- 12.—Cash and/or bank-notes in the insured dwelling-house up to a total of £25.

This protection would seemingly be amply sufficient, in view of the premium payable being only 5s. per £100 insured, but the value of the policy as an almost complete protection for the householder is greatly increased by sundry extensions. For instance, the effects and personal property of the insured's family, servants, and guests are included in the cover afforded, and the insurance also covers, up to 10 per cent. of the sum insured, any personal effects or other contents of the dwelling-house, including luggage, in course of removal, while the insured is on holiday, to any other part of the United Kingdom, and not otherwise insured. Employers' liability, and public liability risks—in a modified form, and with certain necessary limitations—are also accepted by the company under the terms of this liberal contract, to which few conditions are attached, and which is further devoid of the usual arbitration clause. In the first case, so long as

the policy remains in force, the insured is indemnified against all legal claims, including liability for wages, costs, and expenses connected therewith, incurred with the company's consent, in respect of any fatal or non-fatal injury which may happen to any indoor or outdoor servant (excluding hunting grooms, chauffeurs, and farm hands) in his or her employ, or to persons so temporarily or occasionally employed; and in the second case for all sums legally enforceable in respect of claims made for accidental injury, or damage to property, caused in or about the insured premises, up to £250 in all. Very considerable responsibilities are therefore, as will be seen, undertaken by the company, and it will be extremely interesting to know—about a year hence—to what extent this most comprehensive insurance has been appreciated by the public; also whether the premium charged affords adequate compensation, after payment of expenses, for the many risks which have to be run by the insurer.

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## THE HOT-WEATHER TRIALS OF THE TOO-STOUT.

**Illness & Discomfort that  
Thin People Never Know.**

**THE TRUE SECRET  
HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT.**

**S**TOUT people dread the Summer, and well they may, for as the Thermometer rises so does their discomfort increase. The over-abundant fatty-tissue covers them like the thickest of Winter garments—imagine pounds of enveloping fat so stifling that the least exertion causes profuse perspiration. No wonder the over-plump victim looks "roasting" when the temperature is 80 deg. in the shade.

The lightest dresses are not the slightest relief to the corpulent woman—if anything, they only add to her unhappiness because she knows that flimsy Summer frocks make her stoutness more pronounced. She "hates" herself, too, for the annoyance she causes other people by her bulk and awkwardness. It is remarkable how much room even the moderately stout seem to take up where space is limited.

### **Stout People Seldom have Good Health.**

Discomfort and loss of appearance are the least of the trials of the too-stout. The harm to health is the most serious drawback. Fatness clogs the system, and when the warm days come the harm done is trebled. Attacks of Indigestion occur almost daily. Bilioussness and Flatulence are so frequent that the obese dread to eat even the plainest food.

Pages could be written of the sufferings of the corpulent. Insomnia robs them of sleep. Breathlessness prevents them taking exercise. The heart and kidneys are usually affected in some way by the accumulating deposits of fat. Yet all this discomfort, loss of appearance, and danger to health can be avoided if the true cause of Obesity is recognised and the right Treatment taken.

Abnormal fatness shows that the circulation is defective. This important process, whose duty it is to keep the store of fat just sufficient to give symmetry of form and act as reserve nutriment, has grown sluggish, and deposits fat like a slow-moving river accumulates banks of sand. If the circulation can be aroused to normal activity again the masses of fat will be gradually re-absorbed, and the body will once again regain normal weight and measurements and healthy vigour.

### **A Certain Cure for Obesity.**

Fortunately a remarkably simple and harmless method has recently been discovered that accomplishes this work of arousing the circulation and reducing the weight and measurements, quickly and permanently. Originally invented by a clever French physician, this unique Treatment has now been perfected in a wonderful degree by Mr. A. Vernon-Ward—the well-known Obesity Specialist, of 2 Vere Street, Cavendish Square, W., and 91 King's Road, Brighton, and he is daily accomplishing wonders in the cure of general stoutness or over-developed limbs, bust, or hips.

Mr. Vernon-Ward is willing to explain his remarkable new Treatment quite free of charge or obligation to those desirous of regaining healthy and normal weight and measurements, or he will send his illustrated booklet describing the system, gratis and post free. Why not call and see Mr. Vernon-Ward to-day, at 2 VERE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W., or 91 King's Road, Brighton, or write for free particulars?

## New Issue of Exchequer Bonds

### Income Tax Concession

**T**HE Investor in 5% Exchequer Bonds has now the choice of two Series, one repayable at par on October 5th, 1919, the other on October 5th, 1921. In all other respects the Bonds offer identical advantages.

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Application Forms together with copies of the Prospectus may be obtained at the Bank of England, at the Bank of Ireland, of Messrs Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13 George Street, Mansion House, E.C., and at any Bank, Money Order Office or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.

## Instruct your Banker or Broker To-day

### ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO.

THE Annual General Meeting of Elder, Dempster and Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., M.P., presiding.

The Chairman said that the shareholders could look on the result of the year's working with satisfaction. The profit amounted to £349,000, as compared with £326,000 for the previous year. After adding £50,000 to the reserve, which now amounted to £900,000, and providing for interest on debentures and dividends on the preference shares, they were able to recommend a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares, as compared with 8 per cent. for each of the two previous years. In response to the appeal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to mobilise dollar securities, they had since the commencement of this year sold to the British Government the whole of their large holding of shares in the United Fruit Co. of America. Their steamers had been kept continuously employed throughout the year. Though not requisitioned to quite so great an extent as in the case of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. and some other shipping companies, a considerable percentage of their fleet had been, and still was, in the service of the Government. They had also loaded homewards from West Africa, on account of the Government, sixteen steamers, eleven of which were former Woermann Line steamers, captured at Duala, in the Cameroons. In addition, several other vessels had been entrusted to their management by the Government. He regretted to have to record the loss last year of four of their steamers at the hands of the enemy, making nine in all since the commencement of the war. Fortunately the losses during 1915 were not accompanied by heavy loss of life, except in the tragic and dastardly instance of the *Falaba*. In addition to the four vessels referred to, they would all vividly recollect the anxiety occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of their mail steamer *Appam* in the early part of this year, and the relief experienced on her dramatic reappearance, with all her passengers, at Norfolk, Virginia, in charge of a prize crew from the German raider *Moewe*. The diplomatic negotiations instituted with a view to securing her release had not so far been successful, and action had since been taken in the United States Courts. The hearing took place on 12 May and the decision was now awaited. Two new cargo steamers, the contracts for which were placed before the war, were delivered during 1915; and it would no doubt be of interest to shareholders to know that at a prize sale they purchased the *Hans Woermann*, one of the West African steamers of the Woermann Line, which had since been renamed the *Gold Coast*. Owing to the number of their steamers under requisition to the Admiralty, coupled with the war losses they had sustained, the restricted output of new tonnage, and the abnormal delays in home ports, the efficient carrying on of their various services had been rendered extremely difficult. Notwithstanding the restricted tonnage their efforts to cope with the requirements of the trade had been so successful that during the year under review their steamers brought from West Africa 25 per cent. more produce than in 1913—the last pre-war year. Like all other shipping concerns their expenses had enormously increased, the cost of coal, stores, victualling, wages, etc., reaching unprecedentedly high figures, which were still advancing. The war risks insurance premiums were also a very expensive item. The shipping position generally was a very complex one, with regard to which the public mind had not been too clearly informed. The high rate of freight which ruled in many trades was due to the shortage of tonnage caused by the heavy naval and military needs of the Government and the Allies, the destruction of vessels by the enemy, the shrinkage in new construction, and congestion at the ports. He believed that the remedy chiefly lay in a more economical use of the tonnage still available, in the speeding up of merchant shipbuilding so far as naval necessities will permit (and this consideration must, of course, remain paramount), and quicker handling of ships and cargo at the ports. He remarked that whilst they had many difficulties and problems to face, he thought, judging from the experience of the past year, they might safely view the future with confidence.

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